

INTERNATIONAL

H&E

MONTHLY

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**What is
Indecent
Exposure?**

**Club
Directory**

**Your Own
Photo Club**

**THE NATURIST MAGAZINE WITH 79 YEARS
OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION**



Private thoughts on pubic places?
This lass at Corsicana kept her
thoughts to herself.



THE 79th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

Established 1900, Health and Efficiency incorporating Sunbathing Review, Health and Vim, is associated with the Central Council for British Naturism, the Australian Nudist Federation and New Zealand Sunbathing Association.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to our mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.

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EDITORIAL

NEW FACES

It is time the nudist club movement took a long, hard look at itself. It should ask some pertinent questions. Not the least important would be, 'What is our purpose and goal now and in the immediate future?' If a full and well thought out answer could be agreed we would be on the way to conquering our present apathy. The world about us is changing fast. But not the club movement. And if the clubs don't watch out the world will supercede them. Every summer in Europe sees more and more nakedness on the beaches. Make no mistake. This is no passing, temporary fashion. This is no skateboard craze—here today and gone tomorrow. The movement towards greater nudity on the beaches is almost as old as our present century. The critical break through to full acceptance of public nudity at first on the beaches is almost upon us. Where will the club nudists stand then? Will they still hide behind their fences, locked gates and outmoded rules? Will they still bar the single man and insist on vetting every new recruit? Perhaps the best answer would be to recruit new and younger faces to replace the old guard on every policy forming committee. Starting with the INF.

Murray Wren (Editor)



Next Month Do Not Miss

The romantically named 'Chandelarla' club high in the mountains behind Nice, France, is the subject of our next month's travel guide. This club probably represents, at least for the time being, the ultimate in getting away from it all. Here you will find the magic of the countryside with its spring flowers growing in wild fields, its long fascinating walks and tumbling untidy river. Enjoy the only club pool uniquely heated by the sun.

BARELY ACCEPTABLE LEISURE

Want to know how to join a sun club? Now is your chance to ask George Mann. But first of all, you must decide what you want. The small intimate club or the large sophisticated outfit. Or something in between. There are all kinds of clubs to suit all kinds of people. And that includes you.

MANY people will spend part of their leisure time in the summer of 1978 acquiring an all over sun tan.

They will bathe, sunbathe, swim and play naturally naked. Children, adolescents, parents and grandparents. Why? Well why not? On a man an over all tan is becoming. On a woman it can be devastatingly attractive.

Naturism (nudism if you prefer) is perfectly natural, healthy, lots of fun and as old as time. It induces decent behaviour rather than the reverse.

Years ago the naturist movement regarded complete exposure of the body to the sun and air as essential to good health. That, of course, is nonsense. Given the right air and nutrient balance we could probably exist quite comfortably beneath the sea in a diving bell.

Naturism, in my experience, is the simplest and easiest way of attaining and maintaining good health. Social nudity will soon have you taking action to lose a bulging waistline and any other

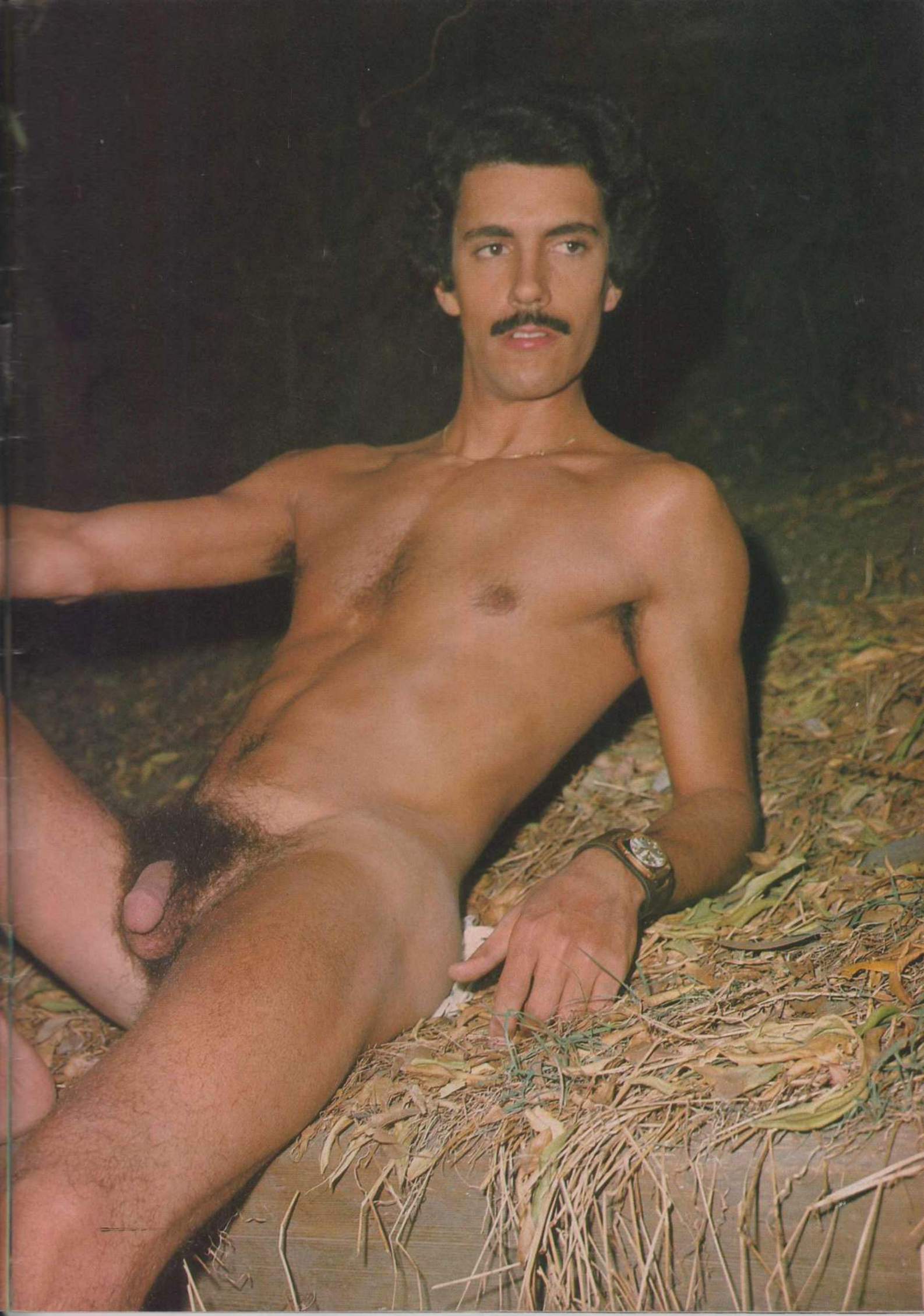
outward sign of excess or neglect. It will also ensure absolute cleanliness and a desire to look your best. Good things, surely?

If you think naturists are just a few eccentric people may I tell you that our numbers are now totalled in millions rather than thousands. Year by year more and more people discover that even a few centimetres of clinging cloth can detract from innocent pleasure. I say innocent pleasure advisedly. There exist no communities less likely to offend than naturists.

Little doubt that as the days lengthen and the sun feels warmer many will wonder whether to give naturism a trial.

Can I recommend a particular naturist sun club or naturist beach? Probably. The point is, what do you want? Peace and quiet? Lots of other people around you? Sun by day and sophisticated entertainment by night? Are you young, not so young, young lovers? Are you looking for romance? Tell me and I'll certainly do all I can to







help you in your search.

Meanwhile let me assure you that all you need bring to naturism is yourselves. Ladies certainly do not need a model girl's vital statistics. Men do not need Adonis features or proportions. But both sexes do need something that they will get from practising naturists. Consideration.

Let me try and answer questions which I know exercise the minds of intending naturists. First, sun clubs. Obviously one cannot administer a club without regulations of some kind.

There has been a welcome change of attitudes since I first somewhat timidly emerged from an undressing room and mingled with my naked companions. In those days it was everything off or everything on. If there exists a sun club insisting on that silly rule I certainly would not recommend it.

Also it is now generally recognised that what happens in other social gatherings can also happen in sun clubs. Boy can meet girl and natural consequences follow. Overt sexuality is not induced by social nudity. Quite the reverse.

But there existed among sun club members, years ago, a tendency to regard themselves as a breed apart. Purer than the driven

snow. Sex, they asserted, didn't exist in sun clubs. Well, it did. It existed then as it exists, naturally, now. In the mind.

The difference between social nudity and social cover-ups is that the naked simply cannot misbehave without immediately making such behaviour apparent. The most timid maiden is safer from the lecherous male in a sun club than she would be elsewhere.

Free advice

Sun clubs offer you fresh air and sunshine (if you are lucky in Europe!) and an opportunity of making friends more easily than, say, in a tennis club. They offer you the opportunity of behaving naturally in every respect. There is nothing to stop you asking that beautiful blonde out to dinner. Nothing to stop you responding as you wish to male overtures. If you intrude into an obvious committed relationship you'll get a frosty reception. As you would in any other social sphere.

There are sun clubs with many members and others where not much more than a handful of people gather. There are those who do not exactly encourage the single male. That particular preju-

dice irritates me. The single male is, in my experience, the most inoffensive of creatures. Usually more shy than the female.

If you think you would like to try a sun club tell me what you want. A small club with limited facilities or a more comprehensive enclave where you can be one of a crowd. I cannot do as much to help as I'd like if you write, as did one gentleman, saying: 'My wife and I would like to try a naturist holiday. Where can we go?'

The gentleman did not tell me his age, whether he wanted peace and quiet or vigorous activity. I know that naturism, by inference, should be open to all. But, initially, I would like to ensure that you

find your introduction a happy one. Ask any questions but, be frank with me.

Dress optional?

Now, what about naturist beaches? They exist in Europe and Scandinavia. There is even one in England blessed with local authority approval. The English, it has been said, are set in their ways. Very! The naturist movement have been trying for over 70 years to get a naturist beach in England. Perhaps, at last, the walls of prejudice have been well and truly scaled.

Naturist beaches are probably the best setting for newcomers to



naturism. On a naturist beach nobody will take any notice of you. In the nicest possible way. In fact the surest way of drawing attention to yourself is to remain dressed or partially dressed. Wander about in a bikini or a pair of bathing trunks among people who are naturally naked and you will be the odd man, or woman, out.

On most naturist beaches it is possible for you to set yourself a little apart until you feel at ease. For many people a first foray into naturism is not easy. I understand that. Some naturists will say: 'Nothing to it! Just strip off and there you are!' That is not true.

I have introduced many people to naturism. It is my usual practice

to take them along and leave them alone after effecting any necessary introductions. On a naturist beach introductions aren't necessary. When I think they've had sufficient time to absorb the atmosphere I go back to them with one or two naturist friends, talk generally for a while and then indicate that if the 'learners' would like to join us they'd be more than welcome. Most do.

But some do not. I remember one young lady who, for some years, joined a small group of naturists who met in the private gardens of a country estate. Not once did she so much as remove her dress! And nobody bothered her. Why should they? I think that to be naked, or not, in any naturist setting should be a matter of choice.

That observation will probably cause naturists of long standing to raise their eyebrows. Far better, to my mind, to gather converts by example rather than insisting on nudity. Let the newcomers see what they are missing and, as I have indicated, most will throw away those few centimetres of unnecessary covering.

Naturism is not of itself a passport to some earthly paradise. It can, and does, improve the health of many people. It is pleasurable, often great fun, stimulating to both mind and body.

There is nothing wrong in watching, and enjoying the boys and girls go by. Nothing wrong in mentally wondering if a lovely girl or handsome man would be any good in bed. We do it in everyday life and I certainly enjoy watching a lovely girl splashing naked in the surf or just naturally lazing beside a swimming pool or on the sands. And I've been a naturist since before some of my readers were born.

Sex and nudism

I am often asked if naturism will do anything for sex lives. The answer is yes. Not because it is a magical aphrodisiac but because it makes you more aware of your body. That awareness will help you to take greater care of what is, after all, a wonderful machine.

Naturism won't help if you over eat, drink too much, over exert yourself or do those things which your own common sense tells you are wrong. If you are fit then naturism will stimulate *all* your senses. If you are not fit naturism will help you regain fitness and, as you do so, sluggish systems, including sexual appetite, will return. Often much sooner than you expect or hope.



A word of caution to parents. Especially parents of children approaching or just beyond puberty. Please, I implore you, do not stampede them into naturism. If the idea does not appeal to them, leave them alone to come to terms with their emergent adulthood. At that age youngsters can be very sensitive about their bodies.

I once heard the father of a thirteen-year-old girl tell her not to be silly and to take off her clothes. He said that in the hearing of others at a small sun club. The girl wasn't being silly. The father was.

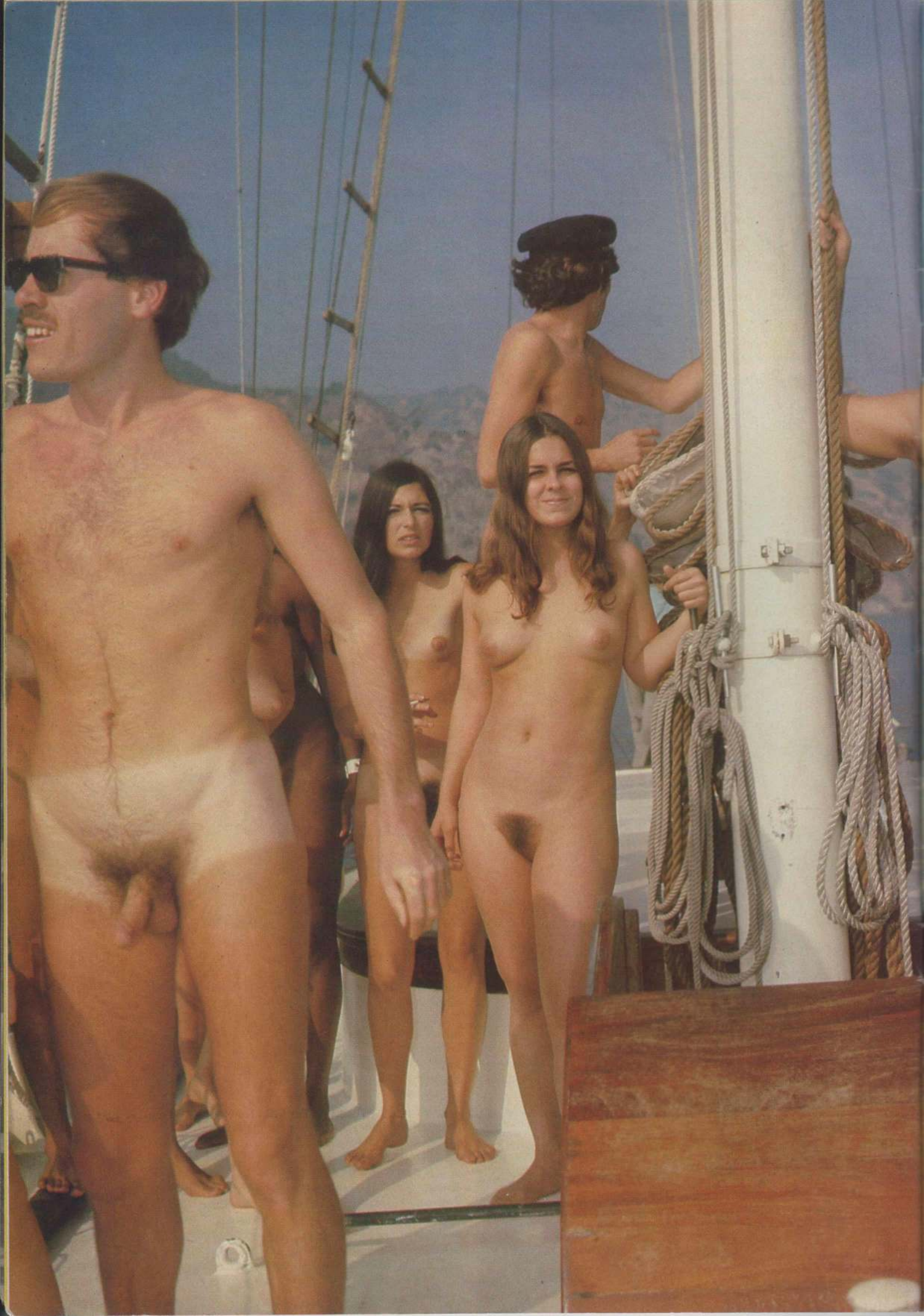
Some over enthusiastic naturists do more harm than good trying to win converts. The girl I have just mentioned fled in tears

from her father's thoughtless command. We never saw her again.

I hope that those thinking of becoming naturists will derive some encouragement from what I have written. Believe me the rewards of naturism can be very real indeed. Naturists are of all shapes, ages and sizes. If there are any misfits they are mentally so. Not physically.

Look carefully at the photographs in the naturist Press. Do you not see yourself among those happy folk? I'm sure you do! I have had many 'thank you' letters from people I've introduced to naturism. Will I be receiving others? From you, sir, or you madam who have yet to feel the sun, air and water on your naked body? I do hope so!







INDECENT

EXPOSURE

David Weldon is not advocating sexual freedom in the streets. He agrees with Queen Victoria—it might frighten the horses. Only today it would be the cars. But what is it about the body which gets so many prudes steamed up? And how is it that some men, while enjoying the sight of a beautiful woman's body, will turn around and accuse her of 'indecent exposure'?

AT various times throughout history it was considered to be high fashion for a woman to appear in public with her breasts and nipples fully exposed. If a woman were to walk down the street today with naked breasts she would find that the police would move in very quickly and arrest her for indecent exposure.

If this same woman were to go shopping in a crowded store with her genitals exposed she would most probably be arrested and detained for medical reports as to her sanity. Yet she could wander through the streets wearing almost nothing at all as long as her breasts and genitals were covered and hidden from view. Why should this be so; why should exposure of these intimate parts be considered indecent? What is there indecent about the human body?

Of course this same woman would be in even more trouble in certain Arab countries. There, unless she was covered up from head to toe, she would be ushered from the streets. Even the exposure of the mouth, or chin, would constitute a crime against public morals.

There is nothing in the least bit indecent about the naked human form, yet when it is exposed in public it is a crime. Parade naked in the privacy of your own home and nothing will be said—yet the body remains the same. It is only when it is shown in public, and people look at it, that it becomes illegal. Why should this be so? It was once said that 'Beauty is in the eye of the beholder'. It would

seem now that it is a case of 'Indecency is in the eye of the beholder'.

The breasts, the vagina, and the penis, have all been painted and photographed throughout the ages. Shown in a painting they are beautiful, shown in public in 'real life' and they are indecent. Yet the breast, the vagina, and the penis look the same in a photograph as in real life. It is merely the attitude of the watcher that has changed. And the watcher is the faceless bureaucrat who decides what is moral and what is not. It is the hypocrisy of our times that this is so.

The same attitude can be found where sexual intercourse is concerned. The sex act at home does not endanger morals; but show this act in public, or even in a club, and the authorities will throw up their hands in horror. Yet the physical act remains the same. It is the age old problem of the bureaucrats telling us that they know what is best for us to see or not see.

I am not advocating that everyone should indulge in sexual relationships in the streets of our towns. For one thing it would be very uncomfortable, and for another thing it would cause a great many traffic jams. I am merely pointing out that doing a specific thing in public may well be termed criminal, while doing the same thing at home would have everyone's blessing. But the act, the viewing of the act, the sensation of the act remain the same. It is only indecent if the powers that be designate it as

against the law.

So what is the answer? In the long term it is public opinion that can change the attitude of the authorities, but all this takes time and a lot of votes. What do you do if you wish to enjoy the freedom of the nakedness and cannot get to a sun club or a nudist beach, and do not wish to be arrested in the streets? The answer is to be naked at home. There, surely, you are safe from all charges of indecent exposure. In the privacy of your own home you can do what you wish. You can walk round exposing your vagina, your breasts, and any other part of you that you desire without any danger of the police arresting you for endangering

public morals by being indecent. But is this last statement true?

Nude with the postman

I knew a woman once who was very proud of her young, lithe, body. She had never joined a nudist club but she loved the feeling of freedom that nakedness gave her. Every morning she would get up, see her husband off to work, then she would take off her clothes. She would have a shower and carefully wash and soap every inch of her beautiful body; then she would dry herself and do all her housework in the nude. She enjoyed the freedom that her naked body had, and she also enjoyed seeing glimpses of

her body in the various mirrors in the house.

Then, one day, while she was doing the washing up, naked as usual, the front door bell rang. Without thinking she went to the door and opened it wide. The postman was standing there a letter in his hand.

He looked at her naked body. At her firm breasts, her erect nipples, and her smooth, soft, skin. Then he lowered his gaze to her vagina and almost had a heart attack. The woman had a habit of shaving off all her pubic hair, and for a long while the postman was able to see her fully exposed vaginal lips. His hands shook as he handed her the letter, then he turned and walked off down the

street. It was obvious from his face that he had enjoyed the experience very much indeed.

The woman thought no more of it until, a few hours later, she had the shock of her life. Two policemen appeared at her door. It seemed that the mere act of showing her body to a member of the public—the postman—had constituted indecent exposure. She stated that she was in her own home and could do as she liked. The two policemen would have none of it. She had exposed herself to a person standing in the street and that was a crime. It turned out that the postman had not only complained about the fact that she was naked, but also about the fact that she had shaved off her pubic hair. This extra act of nakedness—the exposure of her folded and crinkled vaginal lips which were usually covered by pubic hair—was extreme indecent exposure.

The woman was charged but the magistrate, being a sensible man, threw the case out of court, but warned the woman that she should be more careful in future.

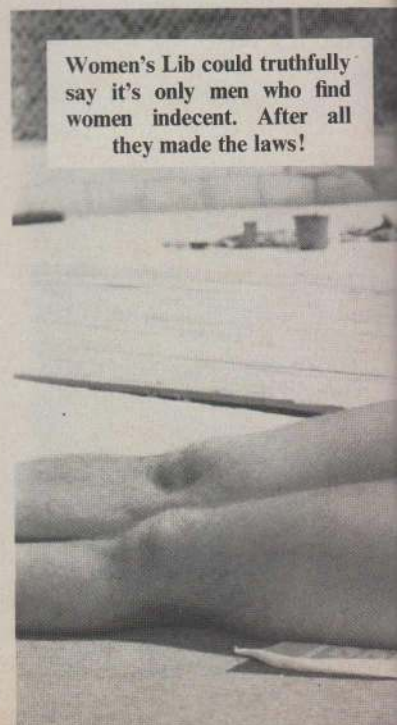
Now the woman had a good body, she was proud of it and her husband was proud of it; and in the privacy of their home it was considered a beautiful object. But the mere fact that she had inadvertently shown this beautiful object to an outsider had right away changed it into an indecent thing. Once more the double standards of society had come into play.

So there are problems about being naked in your own home. Mind you not all callers are like the postman mentioned above. If the milkman, or the baker, or any other tradesman, know that you always open the door to them naked as the day you were born then you may find that you are

Should any reader see anything indecent in this picture he will have discovered a dirty mind.



Women's Lib could truthfully say it's only men who find women indecent. After all they made the laws!



getting callers all day long, and not many of them will complain to the police.

There are other difficulties as well. There are a lot of small minded people about in this world of ours who take a great deal of delight in being as nosey as possible; they are always on the look out for something to complain about.

A woman, or a man, may be nude in the house. He, or she, may be doing the housework, or reading, or sunbathing under a lamp when they may, quite by accident, pass in front of a window. That could well lead to a charge of exposure being brought against them. If that sounds far fetched then let me give you an example.

Peter, a friend of mine, was in the habit of doing his keep fit exercises in the nude in his bedroom. One day he received a letter saying how disgusting it was that he paraded his body naked in front of the window where everyone could see him, and that he ought to be ashamed of himself. The writer said that unless he ceased he would be reported to the police. Peter was puzzled by this as his bedroom window looked out over green fields, and the nearest house was almost a mile away.

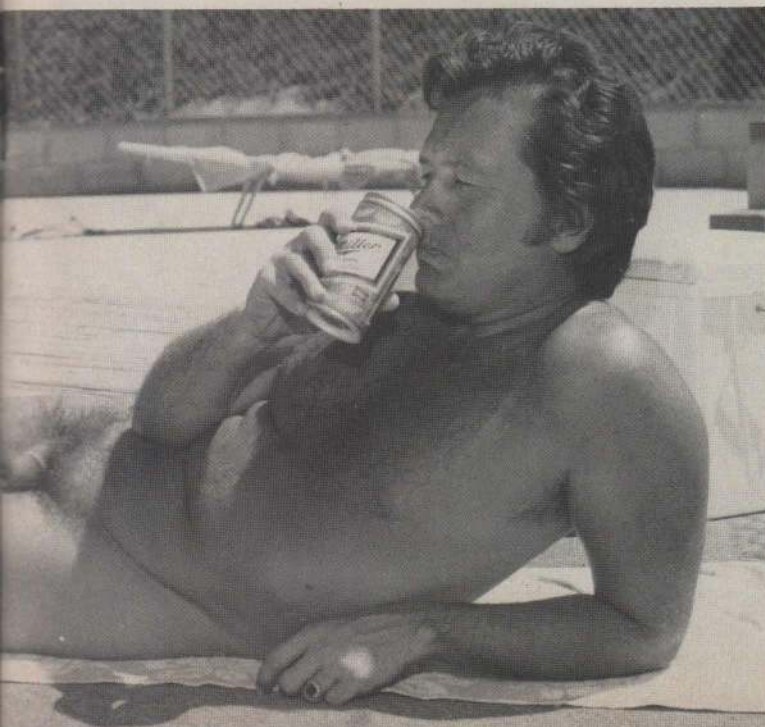
He investigated the problem and found, to his amazement, that the person who had complained was an old woman who lived in one of the houses. To see him naked she had to climb on a chair in her bedroom, hang half-way out of the window, and then use binoculars to get a good view.

The naked lunch

So if you close all the windows, seal all the doors, make sure the curtains are closed, then you can practice nudity in your own home



Once a glimpse of ankle was outrageous. Happily we live in better times.



without any fear of being charged with indecent exposure. And there are many things you can do round the house in the nude, things that will take on a new meaning, and give greater enjoyment. One woman I know eats all her meals while she is naked, she says that it gives the food a better taste. There is something about carrying out hum-drum tasks while you are naked that makes them a lot less boring.

But why should one have to take all these precautions in one's house to avoid criminal proceedings. It does sound a little ridiculous; and that brings us back to the question of indecent exposure.

A beautiful firm breast is one of nature's works of art. It is beautiful in every sense of the word, there cannot be anything indecent about it in the least. But expose it

in the wrong place, at the wrong time, and it will be called indecent.

Will this attitude ever change? I think it will. For society has a way of changing.

At one time a glimpse of ankle was outrageous; at other times exposed breasts were acceptable; in ancient Greece only the right breast could be exposed; in modern times anything goes as long as it is not exposed in public. Indecency, as I have said, is mainly an attitude of mind. The human body, as such, is not indecent, we can only hope that we can change the minds and attitudes of people to such an extent that the sight of a naked human form, in any situation, is considered beautiful and not criminal, but I fear that we have a long time to wait before that happy day arrives.



Hawk O' Mally Flies on

Tiger, tiger shining bright, in the darkness of the sun club light. Roving reporter Gilly Lane meets a surprising feline convinced of her point of view but hardly convinced by nudists.

KATHLEEN O'MALLY spits. Words; I hasten to add. If a cat could speak, it would sound like Kathleen O'Mally. You can see how she looks. But do the pictures convey that subtle feline grace, softness and sometimes violent fury?

They do to me. I know her. Not well, mind you—but well enough. Perhaps I'm about the only woman who does know this O'Mally creature, pardon me; Puss. Most other women take one look and depart, metaphorically screaming. Kate O'Mally has that effect on polite, kind and gentle women.

By now you have concluded Kathleen is a General in Women's Lib. Not at all. On the contrary O'Mally despises them. 'A bunch

of hysterical women,' she says. 'A frightened lot, screaming at the tops of their voices to pretend they are unafraid of the dark.'

'What dark?' we asked.

'Men,' hissed O'Mally. 'All these women are obsessed with men. If the men look at them, they call them rapists. If the men don't, they call them male chauvinist pigs. But all the time they are running around like frightened chickens.'

'But surely you believe in female rights?' I asked.

'Of course not,' said O'Mally, 'I've got them. I don't have to force men to do what I want. They jump to do it, even before I ask. I don't have to compete with men. They have to compete for me. I'm not jealous of men—they





are jealous of me. Women's rights? I've got 'em all—and I intend to keep it that way.'

All of this left me a little breathless. The flash in the eye was frightening. Not even our pet tiger Tom can look as wicked as that. At one moment I thought the hair took on a Medusa curl. At another I imagined Lady Macbeth about to tremble into a rage. 'How do you do it?' I pleaded.

'I challenge men. They take one look at me and the effect is like a small earthquake—or a flash of lightening. They can't resist. Come like trout to the rising fly. I break them for fun. My two divorced husbands are only the start. I intend to have a lot more. But I'm through with marriage. That's why I keep rings on my fingers. In future if I want a man to live with me, he will. And none of that silly 'till death do us part lark.' It will be 'till O'Mally do us part' or nothing else. Understand?'

I understand all right. I looked into the middle distance keeping a very straight face. Out of the corner of my eye I looked at her nails or should I say claws. They were long, sharp and painted red. At least I assume it was paint. Taking a deep breath I tried again.

'But here in this nudist club,' I began, 'surely you try to be a little less aggressive...' It was the wrong word. O'Mally drew in a sharp breath. It whistled. 'Aggressive?' she said, 'What do you mean aggressive?' The claws curled into the yielding concrete beside the pool.

'Sorry,' I said, 'Wrong word.'

O'Mally smiled slightly. The claws uncurled. 'But surely, in a nudist club you would, er... er...'

'Go on,' said O'Mally, 'Say it.'

'Well, take off that white shirt around your shoulders. After all you are supposed to be nude and it is a nudist club and...'

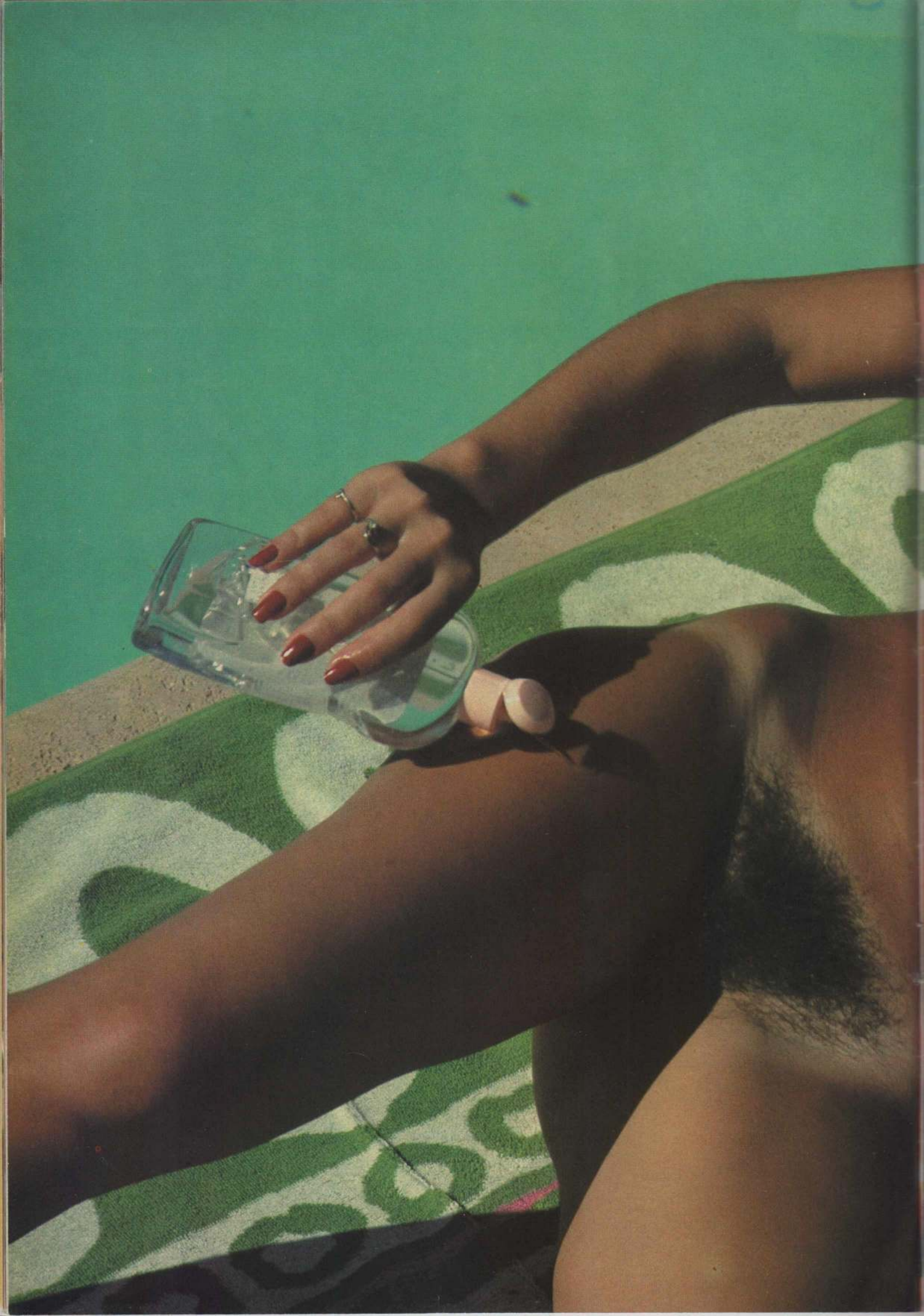
'Are you asking me, or telling me,' said O'Mally.

'And lying like that,' I added, getting up a sort of desperate courage, 'legs apart... and posturing... and all sorts of things.'

O'Mally simmered slowly. Then she smiled. Slowly at first, then expansively. 'You mean,' said O'Mally, 'that they don't like me to do things like that? You mean that here in the club they don't like a girl to look sexy? You mean they aren't sitting over there positively drooling over me?' This last sentence was clearly a statement, not a question. 'Listen,' continued O'Mally, 'I haven't been around this club long, and I doubt if I will stay to become a member. You can see I'm used to wearing a bikini. Not that I give a damn about being dressed or undressed. In truth I'm more often the latter. But when I go to the beach I put my legs like I want to. And now I can go topless I sometimes pull up my shirt just like I do here. Tell me—why should I be different, just because I'm in a nudist club. I thought nudists were supposed to be free of those hang-ups.'

No doubt O'Mally was right. And perhaps she had little time for women's lib., but we could do with more of her in the clubs.







VARIATIONS

I ONCE met a man that I thought very wise. Although he was well over 60 he had a reputation as an extremely sought-after lover and I wondered what it was about him that made him so popular with the women. He couldn't answer me directly but he said something that I'll never forget.

'In my young day I urgently wanted to make love to women. As I considered this urge God-given I could see nothing wrong with it. However, the women of the day did and as soon as any woman started being coy with me, I used to leave her alone. I had no time for a woman who tried to impose conditions on a natural functioning. I devoted my energies to women who were sexually curious like myself. In a few years I learnt a lot—but with every year that passes, I realise how little I know. Some people say sex is my hobby and laugh; but I know I've only scratched the surface of human understanding.'

I agreed with him wholeheartedly. Every person has his or her own idea of what love and sex should be like, or is like; you could say that there are as many kinds of sex as there are people. The Emperor Claudius, in Robert Graves' book, *Claudius the God*, speculates on how long it would take him to shake hands with every one of his subjects—the answer was hundreds of years! And we poor mortals have usually only one lifetime and one marriage to explore another person's personality in depth.

Solo sex

But first—solo sex. Regular readers will remember a young man who wrote saying that he was considering leaving home so that he could masturbate in peace. Apparently the experiment was a success;

'I have changed my address due to my feelings that I should be able to live away from home instead of having fights with my father. I had a chance to be with people of my own age and I took it. I felt I was entitled to some relief of my inner tensions and that if I was by myself I would get it; and I actually do enjoy it more. With brothers around I never felt alone to know for myself how I feel or react. I feel I enjoy the pleasure more now, in control and seclusion. Soon I feel I will share my life with someone



to make tomorrow more rewarding.'

You are very right and sensible too. Every time you experiment with your own feelings and pleasure, you are building up knowledge of yourself sexually that will be invaluable when you do 'share your life' with someone. A lot of people seem to have the idea that masturbation is all right if you


are desperate for sexual release but what on earth is the matter with self-love for pure pleasure when you are on your own, even if it's only for an hour? Being in tune with your own body is the best thing ever when you first come to make it with a girl.

I hope the girl you meet does not have different ideas. This young lady writes from Cheshire;

'I have met a wonderful man, rather older than I, and he has taken me under his wing, sexually. A lot of what he says is true I know, but one of his suggestions is really worrying me. He says I should learn to masturbate. But I want to learn how to please him, not me, and if I find out what I like, I might be demanding in bed and he won't like that. Anyway, I

ON A THEME

Susan Mayfield characteristically calls a spade a spade. In this article she treads a path which only a few years ago was forbidden ground. Yet, as always, Susan brings a sensible and enlightened approach to the problems readers pose. And what problems they are. There is something for nearly everyone here.



Boys will be boys, even when grown up and members of the Sanagatuna Club U.S.A.

don't like touching myself there—I always think men are much nicer than women there, don't you Susan?

My word, what a loaded question! I don't know whether I dare commit myself to an answer! Let me just say that some of my best friends, men and women, are nudists and I like to see them relaxed and natural and not hung-



'Men always find the most serious thing in their existence is their play.' Flaubert.

up about their bodies. Your man friend genuinely has your sexual education in mind, for when you know exactly what pleases you, you'll be a more sexually confident woman. But you are inhibited about touching yourself 'down there'. What is making you reluctant? Surely you don't find anything distasteful about what is literally your own flesh and blood? Follow your boyfriend's suggestion—you will learn a lot about yourself. And enjoy your affair!

His own show

Now to sex with your own image as voyeur. A young wife writes:

'My husband is full of surprises. I thought he was going upstairs to

put fitted wardrobes in our bedroom; instead he covered one wall with mirror tiles! Although I like to look at him naked, I really don't want to see myself naked and making love—and he won't understand my reluctance. In fact, the first night when I refused he sulked for hours, but today he is back into trying to persuade me.'

And how long are you going to hold out? Not too long I hope! Your letter gives me the impression that you secretly enjoy thinking that your husband is rather a rascal. Perhaps he rushed you a bit when he was still full of enthusiasm for his idea but I'm sure you can allow yourself to be gradually talked into it, can't you? Perhaps you could do it without





losing face if you suggested making love with only low light—your husband could switch on brighter lights when you get used to the idea. Try it first by candlelight—you may be surprised by how beautiful and romantic you look.

Keeping it in the family

And now for a letter that quite amazed me:

'My wife and I recently went to a party given by my brother and his wife. After a few drinks I found myself alone in the kitchen with his wife—then we went upstairs to a bedroom. It all seemed to be in the party spirit at the time—but the next day I felt awful about it. I never thought I would feel so guilty over a woman. She says to forget it ever happened and doesn't seem to care much, but I care about it. Should I confess to my brother? He ought to know if his wife is unfaithful to him.'

Ought he indeed. It seems to me

that his wife has the right attitude; the best thing is to forget it happened. So far no one has been harmed but they will be if you go about stirring things up. And you feel guilty about your brother but don't mention your own wife! Your guilt will fade in time and there's no need to make others miserable just because you are. Or are you peeved because your brother's wife refuses to admit that your love-making has disturbed her life?

When more than two people are involved in sex there is nearly always trouble. I received a letter from a would-be swinger in the Home Counties:

'I've been invited to several swinging parties and had to turn down invitations because my girlfriend refuses to come with me. I tell her she won't know whether she likes it or not until she tries it, but she says she knows her own mind. I even told her that the sexiest experience of my life was



Freedom and nudism: as expressed by this couple at their club near London ...

when I took my old girlfriend to a blue film show and everyone made love after the film was over, but it wasn't true. I have promised her faithfully that if she comes to a party with me I won't do anything she doesn't like and I won't expect her to do anything she doesn't want to, but she says that if she did refuse to do anything I'd sulk. The thing is, Susan, it sounds as though I'm pushing her to get what I want from her, but after I talk to her like this she always makes love with me so enthusiastically afterwards that I can't help but think that the idea turns her on but she won't admit it. What can I say to her to make her change her mind?

I'm afraid I'm no expert on making girls go to swinging parties. If it is really true what you say about your sexy talk

turning her on (and not that YOU are so turned on you imagine she is too) maybe your girlfriend is sensible enough to realise that fantasies are one thing and reality another.

The only thing I can suggest is, that if you are absolutely sure that your girlfriend would enjoy herself once she overcame her inhibitions and got to the party, is that you take her but don't tell her what sort of a party it is going to be. Swingers do tell me that nobody does what they don't fancy at these affairs, and what may be upsetting your girlfriend is that you are trying to force her into something she doesn't want. And don't forget she may have simple practical reservations; what if she gets V.D. or meets someone who knows her mother!

Jealousy is certainly a very

destructive emotion. A young husband writes:

Blue picture book

'We've only been married a fortnight and now it looks as though everything is all over. I went to get some odds and ends from my wife's flat, which she is still vacating, and there I found a photograph album. Never thinking that it might be anything other than the standard family picture book, I looked at the pictures. It seems she's been keeping a record of her adventures with another bloke. They were both in the nude and then some polaroid shots of them at it together. I could hardly believe my eyes, I've never known a woman do anything like this before, it's disgusting. When I confronted her with it, she said it was all in the past and nothing to do with me. I'm certainly not going to let her spend her evenings, when she's married to me, poring over some lurid pictures of



... and as enjoyed by Diane and Josette not so far from Paris ...

herself and another bloke. I told her to destroy the book but she refused. How can I talk some sense into her? She won't even tell me who the man is.'

Oh dear, I can just imagine you rushing home full of righteous indignation and possibly mad with jealousy. No wonder your wife was immediately on the defensive—it's my guess, firstly, that the book belongs to the man and not to her and she wants to give it back and secondly, she won't tell you a thing about her past until you calm down and listen with interest and affection to what she used to enjoy in her previous sex-life. Try to put your feelings on one side, because you are only hurting yourself, and relax. You've got a life-time in front of you to explore the intricacies of another person's sexuality. Probably being photographed turns your wife on—why don't you buy a polaroid camera yourself and find out what she really likes?



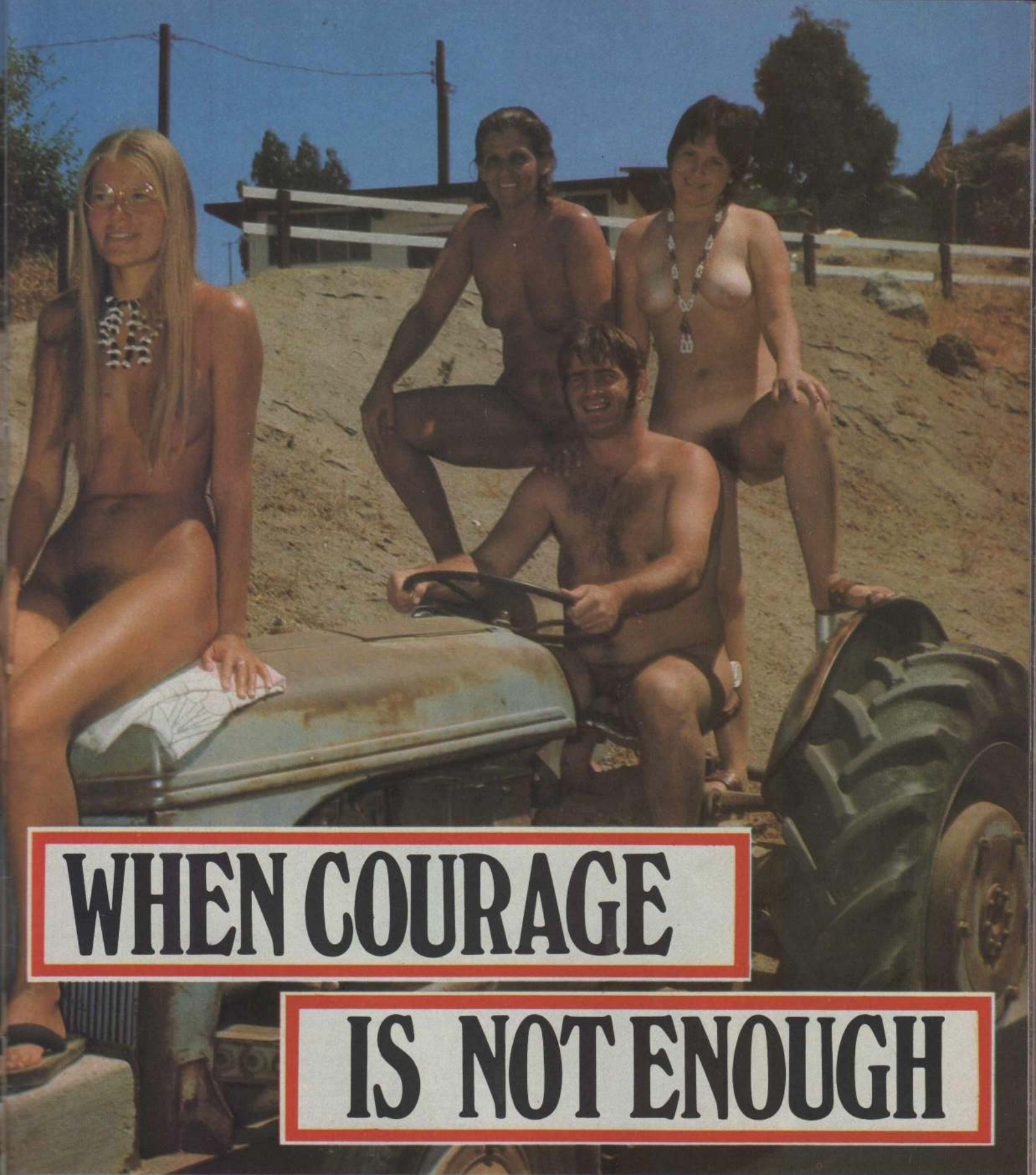
... and finally by the girl with a tent who can savour freedom in any of Europe's hundreds of clubs and resorts.

Alex Watford has seen the black face of depression. A life time nudist he is aware of the benefits. But he believes the simple back to nature life is limited when it comes to dealing with today's stress. With hindsight he speculates on possible cures for one of today's most troublesome maladies, and comes up with some surprising answers.



IN Vol. 78, No. 12 of International H.&E. on pages 24-27 you published a feature by George Mann titled 'Shake yourself: Not the bottle'.

All good sense, George, proving once again what we all owe to the nudist life. But I take strong issue with your comments on those who take medical drugs . . . 'Of course there are unfortunate people for whom drugs provide



WHEN COURAGE

IS NOT ENOUGH

either a continuance of life or ability to cope with serious malfunction, mental or physical'.

He goes on later to write—'To each and every one of us, not actually diseased mentally or physically, there are available two wonder drugs. One is called Guts and the other Positive Thinking.'

A few paragraphs later, Mr Mann says 'If you doubt that healthy minds in healthy bodies

to be the most effective deterrent to reliance on drugs don't read another word. I cannot help you.'

And I doubt if George Mann has ever had the misfortune to suffer from real Depression and Anxiety. I say loud and clear that when you are really depressed—Positive Thinking is impossible, Guts are non-existent, and Naturism is just no help at all.

I mean Depression with a capi-

tal 'D'—not that down-in-the-dumps mood indigo we all know at times. Most nights in most local newspapers you can read of some poor devil ending it all. At the inquest . . . 'he (or she) was suffering from depression . . .'

Ever had it yourself? Then you will know that slow decline into a cabbage-like state. You worry over everything. Which suit or dress to wear . . . how to

answer that letter . . . how to get through the day's work. You grow timid—anybody can walk right over you. Nothing interests you any more. You are sunk into utter despair as night succeeds day, your home, wife or husband, children—all mean nothing. Somebody says 'snap out of it, pull yourself together.' And you could kill them—if you had the will.

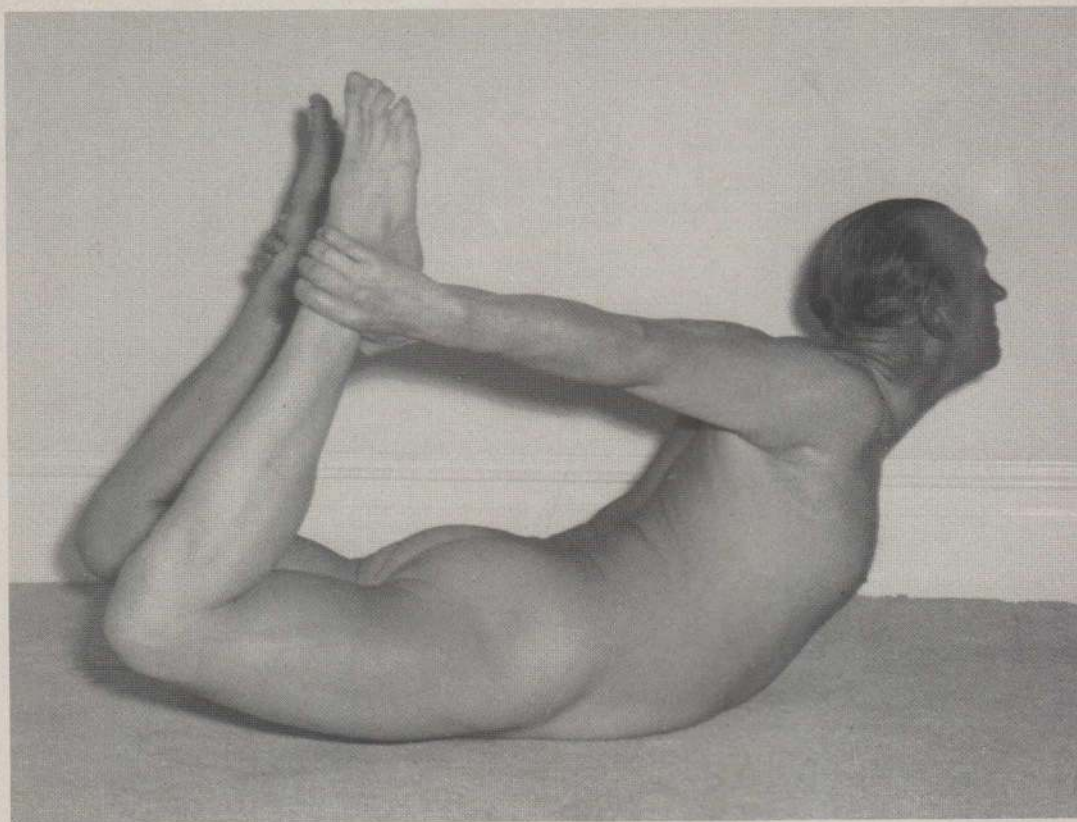
That has happened to me six times in the past five years. Lasting for weeks at a time. Even naturism has no appeal. The summer of 1977 never saw me on a beach nor at a sun site. I never took my shirt off. What's more, I shunned sunlight. I found it made me ill, and even walking a few minutes on the sunny side of the street gave me a raw face.

Not being a millionaire, unable to afford a naturopath or a health farm, I had to go to my National Health doctor. Then later to a psychiatrist. He tried drug after drug—to no effect, I felt just as bad. In the end I agreed unwillingly to E.C.T.—Electro Convulsive Therapy.

Three times a week for three weeks I tottered along around noon—nothing to eat or drink since breakfast. First I was pricked in the fore-arm. Then ushered onto a couch where a doctor and two nurses bent over me. A rubber tube around the arm, a jab . . . and the ceiling fell down.

I woke about two hours later in a bed, very, very confused.

I staggered off the bed, took an orderly's arm and somehow got



The author of this article, Alex Watford. A life time believer in nudism he displays a physical fitness any man of his age could be proud of.



along to a pleasant lounge, where all the patients had a cup of tea and some jelly. Then transport took me home. I did not quite know where I was or what had happened the rest of that day.

But after the second visit I began to feel better. In fact I grew quite aggressive. At the end of the treatments I seemed O.K.

It lasted a few months before Depression and Anxiety once more enveloped me, physically and mentally. Yet that summer I was back on the beach, bathing and sunbathing, my old self.

Drugs

I got so bad this time, they even sent a psychiatrist to my home. He ordered me into hospital, where I stayed twelve days. I insisted I would not have E.C.T. again. They respected my wishes. Instead I was given a combination of two drugs, a tranquiliser and an anti-depressant which fortunately had little or no side-effects. The first few days in that psychiatric hospital are a blur. I dimly remember those far worse than me who slumped down to the floor in the corridors. And those who had nurses standing around them while they fed.

My recovery was gradual and complete. And I was O.K. for another few months.

Since then I have had another period of deep depression, but managed somehow to keep out of hospital, even to keep at my job.

The last spell was the longest—

seven months. By the way, on two occasions I by-passed the orthodox doctor and visited homeopathic doctors. The first one gave me herbal pills, then after a week or so said I was too far gone—and packed me off back to my N.H. medical man.

The second 'natural drugs' medico kept on treating me while I was under threat from the psychiatrist. Pills had been no good and he gave me the choice—E.C.T. again, or a weekend in hospital where a new drug, liable to lower the blood pressure, would be administered under supervision.

Yet it was not the homeopath nor the regular doctor nor the psychiatrist that gave me the break-through. I had been swallowing for weeks those pure Brewer's Yeast tablets you buy at a health food store. Vitamin B. And they worked.

Like a fog lifting from the river, my brain began to clear. My spirits rose. The mind started working again. I could write a decent letter. Type an average article. Make plans, be aggressive, confident, cheerful. Enjoy music, books, people again.

Fit again and minus drugs, I went back to the doctor. And said: 'how's about it? How can I stop it happening again'.

Pathetically he replied that no one knew the cause of Depression. If I felt worse I was to come and see him immediately.

Thank God, there has been no need.

The point I wish to make is this—Guts do not exist. Positive Thinking is quite impossible. Naturism? I just didn't want to know.

Now I'm coming round to the way of thinking of a certain Dr. James Mackarness of Park Prewett Psychiatric Hospital at Basingstoke, Hampshire. He has been on radio and on BBC South Television, saying he believes ordinary foods are responsible for some mental and physical ills. People, unknown to themselves, become allergic to . . . milk, eggs, beer, cheese, chocolate, etc. He has proved this by taking over patients suffering deep Depression and other ills. He puts them on a five day fast. Then one at a time tests everyday foods. By now their symptoms have disappeared, but recur with startling suddenness if they are allergic. So he can compile a list of harmful foods to avoid at all costs. And those which can be eaten with safety.

Why should milk . . . butter . . . cheese . . . become harmful to some of us? Think a moment. What with sprays, additives, deep freezes and modern packaging—is it any wonder what we used to eat with impunity now makes some of us ill? Damn it all, a lot of it is downright rubbish to any sensitive stomach. And you can't taste the stuff nowadays!

I'm convinced he has something. And if there is a next time for me, I'm going to contact Dr. Mackarness right away.

Too much food

Yes, there's a lot of good sense in what George Mann had to say in H.&E. No. 12, Vol. 78. We are not a healthy nation. We don't look after our bodies. And many of our stooping shoulder, puny young men and apathetic girls would get a helluva lot of benefit from nudism. In mind and in body.

Know today's great Evil? It is commercial television, with their frequent commercials. Food . . . food . . . food! Folks on screen gorging themselves sick. Look around you in the train, or on the beach, or even at the movies.

They they are, licking, chewing, filling their mouths with muck—and leaving the litter all over the place.

Health food addicts believe in getting back to nature. Unsprayed fruit and vegetables, compost grown. Whole-meal or stone ground BROWN loaves, avoidance of sticky pastries, gateaux, steaks, chips, frozen peas, soggy vegetables, loads of strong tea and stronger coffee.

We nudists believe in getting back to nature too. So, as George Mann advises, what better than a



Fear of the body, fear of sexuality and fear of human realities lies at the root of much mental illness. Nudism points to a better way.

healthy body?

But he does forget that more and more of us are prone these days to real Depression. Then we lack the strength to practise Mind over Matter. We can't afford the nature cures. We have to go along to the nearest surgery. And we might as well go to some automat, put in twenty pence and pick a tranquiliser or anti-depressant at random. For, as George says, the doctors of today never bother about treating the CAUSE, only repressing the symptoms.

Drugs peddled by the manufacturers may go some way to treading on the trouble—but in turn these set up side-effects and possibly cause other more lasting damage.

What a modern mess we are in. And no use saying 'never get depressed'. Brother, you don't know what you are saying.

It may well be food allergies. Or it can be a nagging worry, business or domestic. A shock maybe, when the rent goes up or you have to find another job.

In Europe in 1978, any of us can get Depression. What do the statistics reveal? One in ten will at some time in life go to a mental hospital. And it's not necessarily the stress and strain of contemporary living. It can well be the environment—and the too smart 'know-how' practised by those who provide the food we eat. Some are more susceptible than others.

No use telling a really Depressed man or woman he or she must develop a Healthy Mind and then a Healthy Body. There's no will and no way. I know because I've suffered.

When I was depressed I crawled into bed at ten o'clock, fagged out and drowsy with pills. I awoke fearful, almost trembling under the sheets. I got up reluctantly and dreaded the day ahead.

Now I'm myself again. I watch t.v. or listen to the radio till midnight. Five o'clock I'm awake and out of bed to do Yoga postures in the nude. And off to work, prepared to stand no nonsense, on top of my job. A healthy mind and a healthy body.

Think again, Mr. Mann.

THE NAKED GORGE

Have you ever been kissed by a fish? In the Ardeche Gorge the local fish express their appreciation in just this unique and fascinating style. This month Lance Ridgeway takes you on a visit to the two nudist holiday resorts beside the Ardeche River and mentions four others in the immediate vicinity.

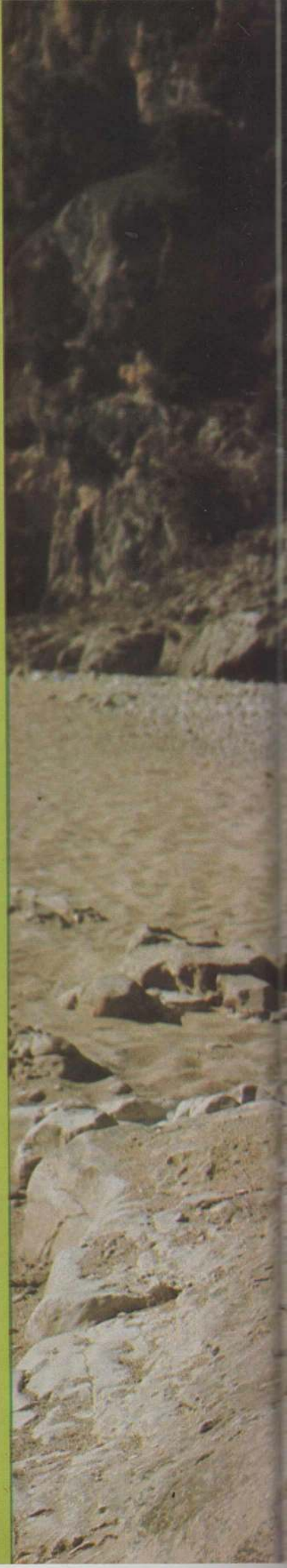
ONE of the earliest naturist resorts in Europe was established on the river Ardeche in central France. It was perhaps the very first inland holiday resort and

as such attracted many visitors from all over Europe.

It was known simply as 'Ardeche'. But later another resort for nudists sprang up on the same

river and only a few miles distant from the first. This second resort was called La Chataigneraie or the Chestnut Grove.

Today the position regarding







The Ardeche River, impatient of barriers, has carved this magnificent 'pont' not far from the nudist resort of La Chataignerai.

the original Ardeche resort is not clear. Its name is now 'Centre Naturiste des Gorges de l'Ardeche' and its address is (or was) St. Remeze, 07700 Bourg St. Andeol, Ardeche, France. Readers thinking of visiting this resort should write first to make sure it is operating. It is not listed in the 1977 edition of *La Vie au Soleil's* holiday resorts. I would welcome any reports from travellers. If it is still operating it is practically certain it still has the same difficult access.

There is no simple path down from the high cliffs to the river. The only way is through huge natural caves. This is no place for the very young, or the very old for that matter. You have to scramble over wet rocks and although the route has been made easier than it was originally, it can still be frightening. So much so, that once down beside the river you are hardly likely to come up again until the end of your stay. Your car has to remain at the top. There is no road down. All your gear—and it has to be camping gear—goes down on a wire and basket contraption.

Again, the gorge here is very narrow and even in the summer the sun sets quite early. But having said all those things to detract from its charms I must add that it can be a marvellous place. If you want to get away from it all, this is your escape route. The resort is a camp crowded onto the narrow and heavily wooded river bank. You are crammed between

the cliffs, which rise straight up, and the river edge.

The river sweeps along at speed but there are one or two small bays where the water is almost still and in the height of the season, particularly warm. These small shallow bays make perfectly safe bathing places, even if you can't swim.

Out in the main sweep of the river you will find places under the far bank where on an air mattress the current will sweep you endlessly in a wide circle. There is little to do here except enjoy the wilderness. If you are interested in wild life there is plenty here for you—from giant lizards to white eagles wheeling overhead.

Non-nudist visitors

One oddity affecting both the resorts on the Ardeche is that every now and again a boat load of non-nudists pass right through the camps. This is the famous 'tourist special' which starts well up river and carries visitors down through the spectacular gorge. Special guides on the boats see them safely through the numerous rapids—a few of which happen to be near the nudist resorts. Other visitors are the youngsters who pass by in canoes. As often as not they will stop on the banks, throw off their clothes and join the nudists for an hour or two.

A little further up river from the original Ardeche resort and on

the opposite bank, you will find the new Chataignerai. Here the gorge has opened up a lot. And this time there is a path down to the river. Admittedly it is steep and difficult to clamber up if you are past the first flush of youth. But you can take your time, and rest along the way. La Chat (as I will call it for short) also has a wire and basket form of delivery for your heavy goods. If you have anything particularly precious and fragile, then carry it. The cable of the overhead delivery system has been known to break.

It's a great sight, so long as you are not in the way of the basket when it hits the ground. Bottles have been known to take off again and fly another hundred yards onto the beach beside the river.

The best way to get to La Chat is to travel down the N.7 road from Lyons until you come to the village of Pierrelatte. Here you can turn right onto the D.13 and soon cross a rough bridge into the township of Bourg St. Andeol. From here on, the Michelin Map No. 80 becomes useful. From St. Andeol find your



Young visitor from Germany contemplates another swim. In the background other visitors and top left the famous 'Madeleine Cathedral'.



Liliana, spending her holiday at nearby Ran du Chateau, pays a day visit to La Chat.

La Chat is a far more sophisticated camp than its sister further along the river. For one thing they have a lot more room. Here the bank of the river is several hundred yards wide. The part under the hillside is nicely grassed and provided with a certain amount of trees for shelter. The owner has provided all the usual amenities. You can eat and drink here in style. It is basically a place for camping. All told the camp accommodates about 100 tents. In addition there are now twelve bungalows. Animals are not allowed, but radios, discreetly used, are.

Variety the spice of life

The camp is open from Easter to the 15th September and the address to write to during this period is the address of the grounds, La Chataigneraie, 07-La Bastide de Virac, France. The rest of the time you should write to SOC-NAT, 73 rue de Turbigo 75003-Paris, France.

Again, La Chat is a back to nature retreat. The nearest town where you will find the normal tourist amenities and a bit of night life is Vallon. But few will want to venture outside the camp with the thought of the climb in mind. For sunbathing and swimming in the river, La Chat is perfect. You are never crowded; even in the height of the season there is more room on the gravel river bank than is needed. If you want to be alone, you can be. If you are a beginner and a little afraid of the 'first plunge' then this is the place for you.

The river is more varied in

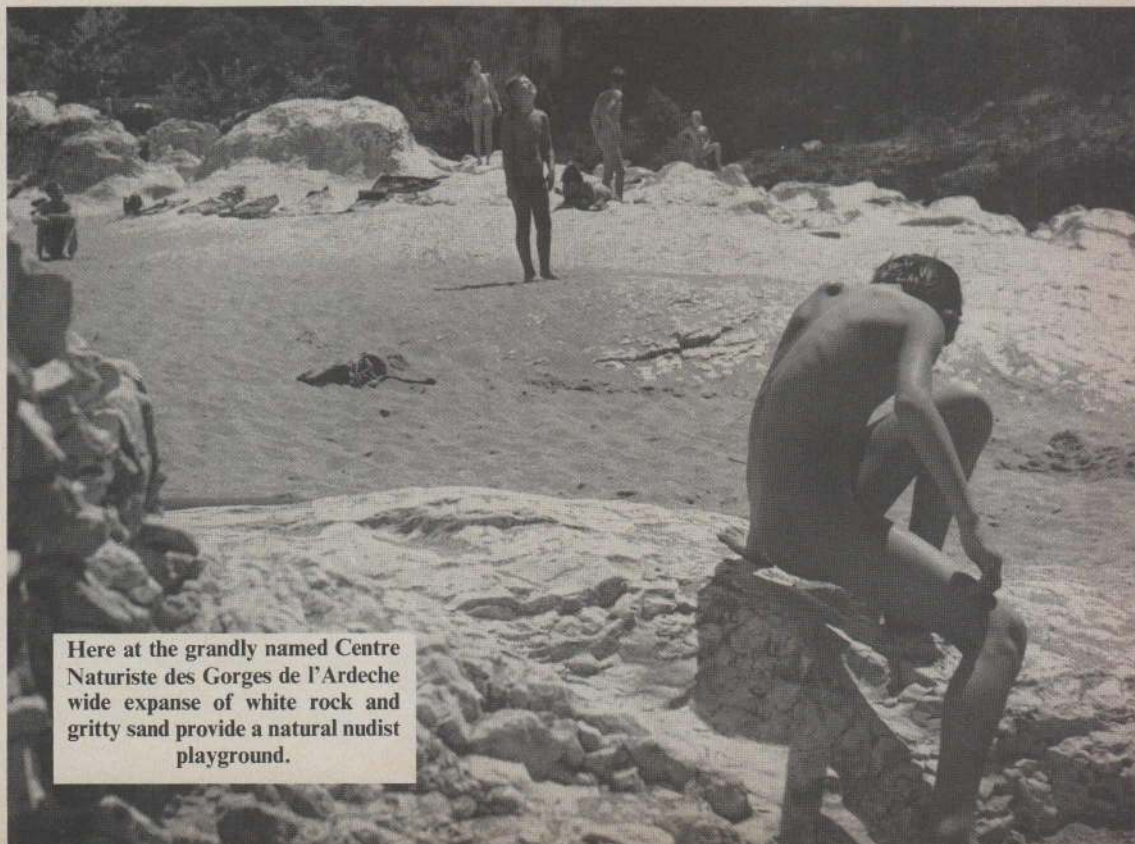
nature than at the Ardeche Gorge camp. At one end you have shallows. Immediately following is a deep large pool. Here you can experience the unique experience of being kissed by fish—very small ones. They appear to like closing in on you and applying their lips to your skin. A strange and fascinating habit. Further along still the river once again breaks into shallow rapids and finally dissipates its energy in a very wide lake.

Within a few miles this area boasts six different holiday naturist resorts—all of which we will describe in future issues. You can stay at any one and pay day visits to the others. The nearest to the main road from the north (the N.7 or its associated motorway) is La Conche. By comparison this is a tiny resort, but because it is so easy of access many prefer to make it their headquarters. Others reasonably nearby are the Ran du Chabrier, and right next door the Ran du Chateau and a little further away La Genese. The last three are on a neighbouring river—the Ceze.

Finally a few practical hints. You should take some form of footwear that can be worn in the water. There is little or no natural sand, and the stones in the river are unkind to naked feet. Secondly, you must be more than normally cautious with the sun. It is reflected off the stony beach and can burn the unaccustomed skin in half an hour. You should take with you as much canned food—especially meat—as you can reasonably get into the car. Take also coffee. Nearly all food is more expensive in France.

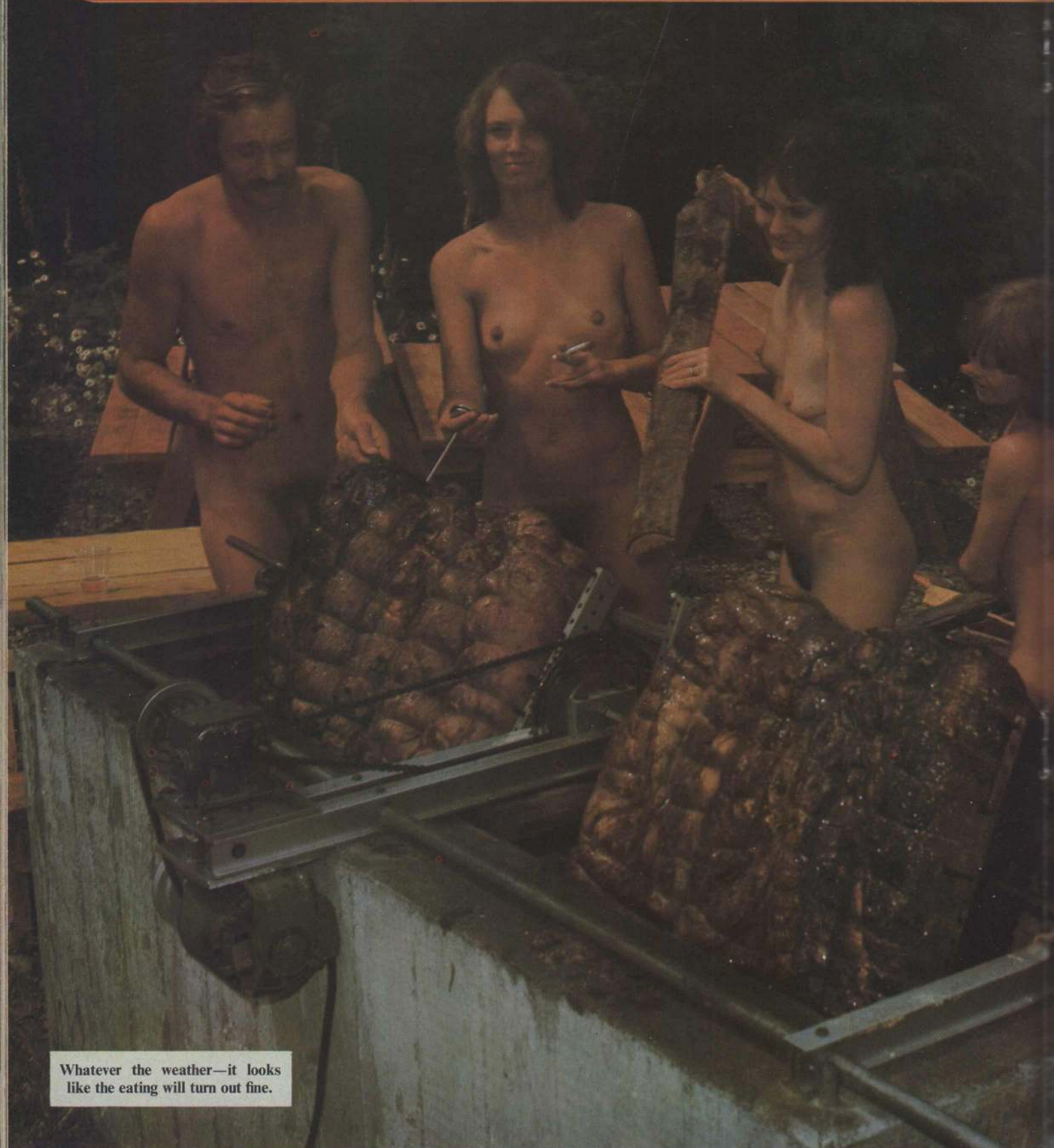
way east to Vallon pont d'Arc. It's about 30 kilometres along the D.4. Now take the N.579 towards Barjac. You cross the river now and after about five or six kilometres you will find a branch road (the D.217) to La Bastide. Take this road. About now you will feel you have discovered the end of the world. But fear not, the natives are friendly. After this town you will come to another road on your left—this leads to La Chat and is signposted all the way.

As at the other resort, you have to leave your car at the top of the river gorge. There is no road down—only the zig-zag path. You can walk down in about twenty minutes or so. How long it will take you to walk up is an entirely different matter. If you want to take it easy, allow about twice the time it took you to get down. Very carefully placed at both the top and the bottom of this very weary path you will find a well stocked bar.



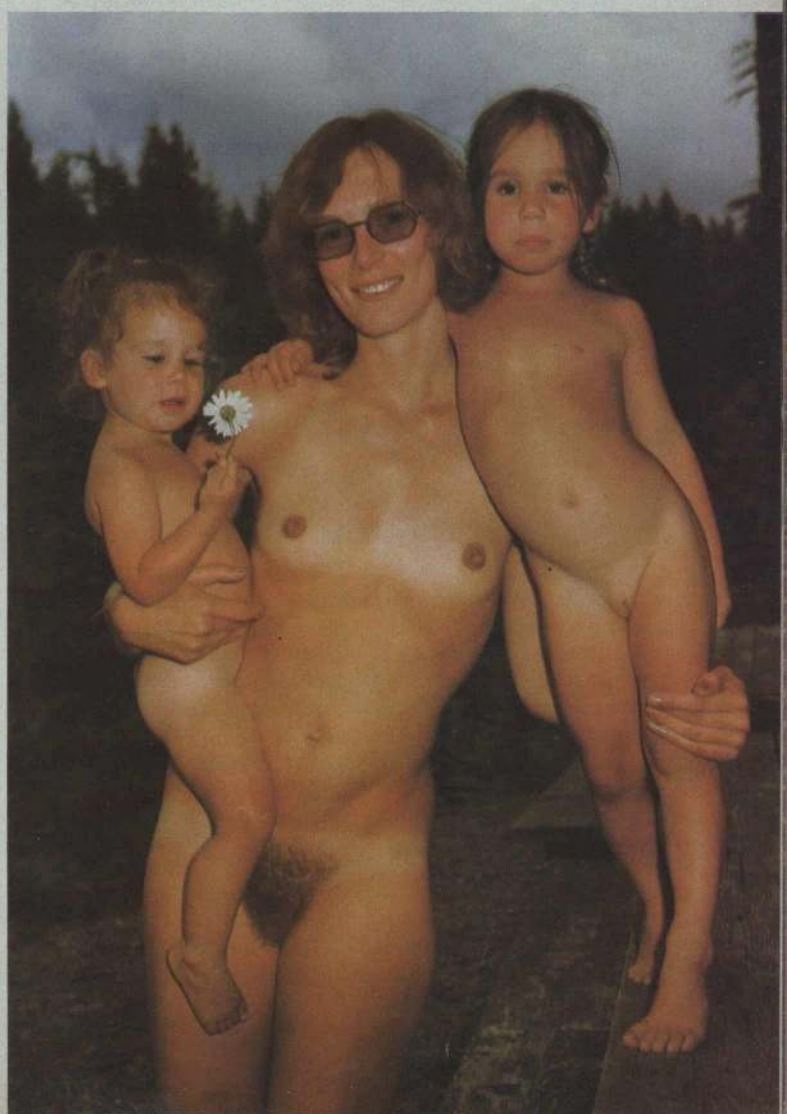
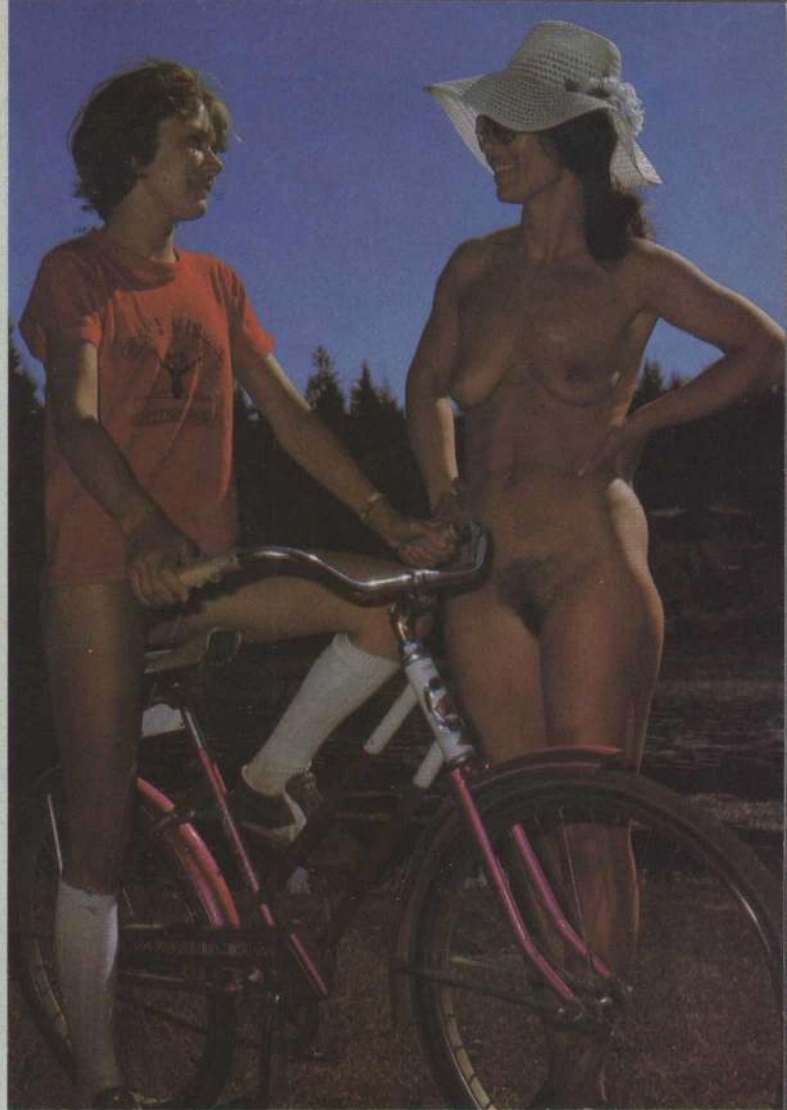
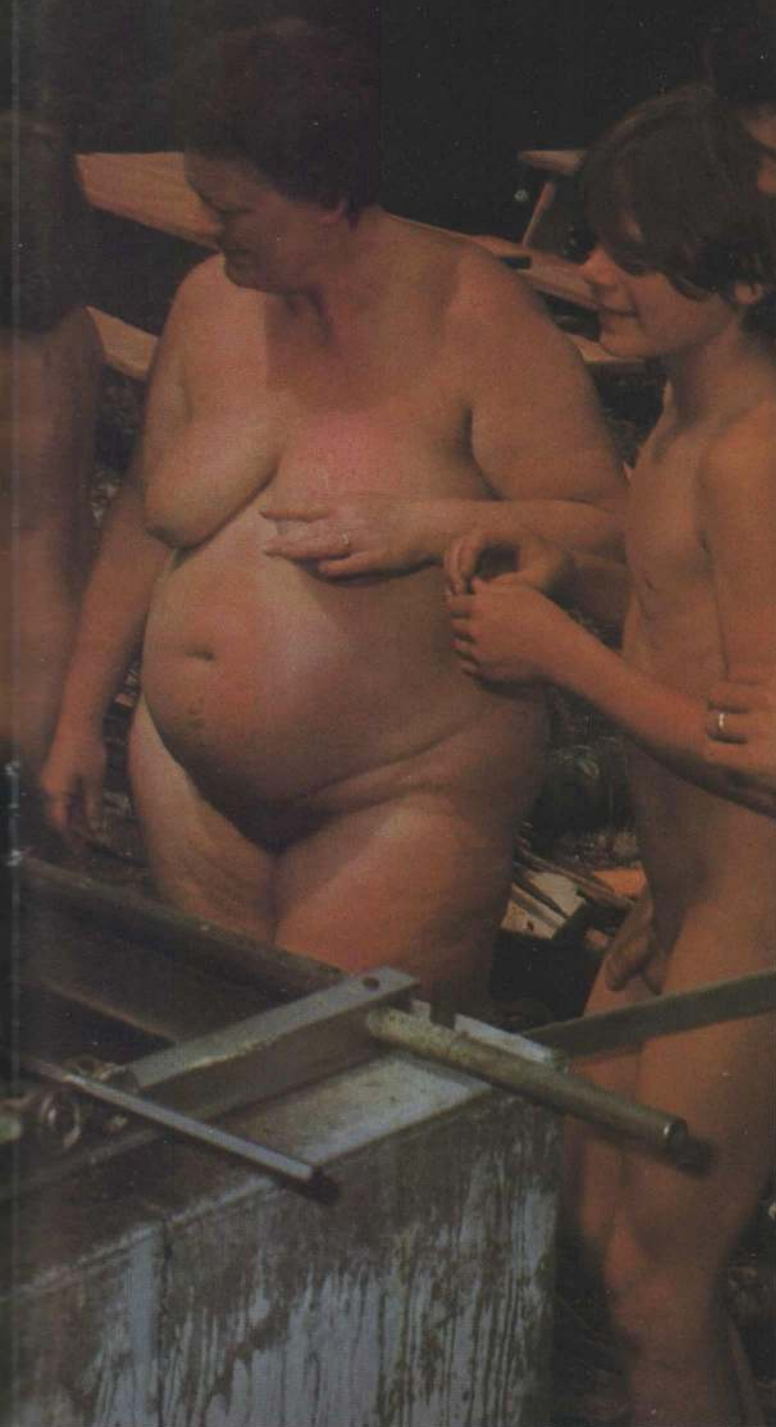
Here at the grandly named Centre Naturiste des Gorges de l'Ardeche wide expanse of white rock and gritty sand provide a natural nudist playground.

CONVENTION AT LAKE ASSOCIATES U.S.A.



Whatever the weather—it looks
like the eating will turn out fine.

How would you like to roam bare among bears? You can if you're quick at this club near Sultan, U.S.A. For pumas, bears and deer all take fright at the sight of a naked homo sapien says Leif Heilberg. Below he gives a first hand description of what a U.S. convention is like.





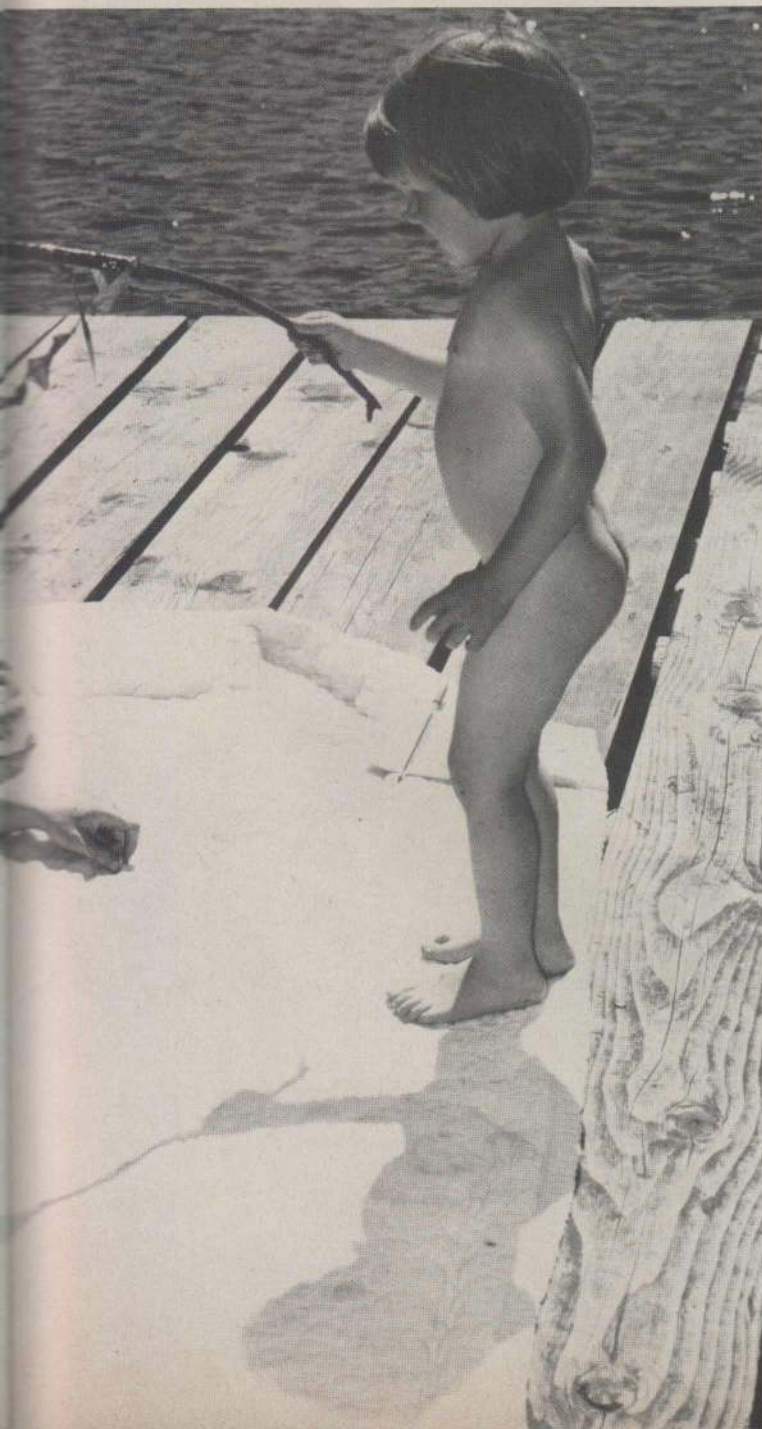
THIS 32nd Annual Convention of the Northwest Sunbathing Association was hosted—for the first time—by the Lake Associates in their highly scenic club located near Sultan, north-east of Seattle, Washington, U.S.A. Everybody and everything—but the weather—cooperated in making the visit to the convention site as pleasant as possible.

They poured a monstrous concrete volleyball court just four days before the convention. Cement trucks kept roaring in. A dozen energetic members helped three hired specialists pouring, trowelling, and spraying the vast

expanse. For fourteen continuous hours the crew laboured. The giant plaza is a regulation size tennis court (60 × 120ft.)—the first of its kind in the N.S.A.—which is convertible into two parallel volleyball courts. The inaugural game for the court was billed as 'the match of the century'. N.S.A. President, Felix Botticchio and A.S.A. President, Betty Bond squared off in a hilarious game which, evidently, none of them was very adept at. Felix seemed to have the upper hand, but the match ended with big hugs across the net.

The rain, overcast skies, and





rather cool temperatures kept most people in clothes, except for a few hardy souls braving the elements to savor the lake. The 7.5-acre lake (Lake Bronson) is stocked with 2,500 rainbow trout, and for a one dollar fishing license, issued by the club, you may catch a delicious dinner *truite meunière au naturel*. Other species of smaller fish also thrive in the lake. When the sun sets beyond the pine ridge, trout jump on the lake surface, snapping at insects, while bullfrogs call out from the far shore.

Members have constructed a new theatre since last year. It measures 12 x 24ft. across the massive log proscenium arch, and

it is the only such in the northwest with a permanently enclosed stage. Located facing a hillside, an amphitheatre style seating is provided, affording a good view of the stage for every spectator. On the old stage previously used, *Barely Proper* had been played for the past four years. During the N.S.A. Convention, the new stage was inaugurated by the West Coast Premier of *Next of Skin*. Two of the actors are semi-pros, thus raising the quality of the overall performance. However, they don't want to be identified visually as associating with nudists, so photography of the play was not allowed. A white elephant auction, and a talent



show, were also staged in the theatre. Later the teenagers used it for a dance.

Jungle volleyball on the sawdust court was extremely popular and kept many visitors busy all Saturday, till the beauty contest started. Then all attention went to the line-ups, and ultimately the winners. King was Ken Coon of Sunway, Queen was Beverly Coon of Sunway, at which Beverly said that she always knew she had a king for a husband. Scott of Sunway became Prince, Heidi of Lake Associates became Princess, D. Donohue of Vancouver became Jnr. Prince, and Janene from Oregon City became Jnr. Princess.

Some visitors took a hike down to the 80ft. waterfall which is almost unique for a nudist club. The only other one this reporter ever saw, was in the nudist club of Hong Kong, on a tiny island overlooking the Communist mainland. The waterfall in Lake



Associates is at the confluence of various trout streams. A short walk up a camp road, a brief climb down a wooded hillside where blueberry bushes abound, and you will find yourself looking up at the majestic sight. On a sunny day the small trip is well worth your while.

The alpine-cabin looking clubhouse—swallows nesting under the roof—has a dance hall occupying the basement area, and both Saturday and Sunday nights the place was jam-packed with visitors drinking beer served from a keg, and dancing to the music by Ron Welch and his musicians from Hyperion Club. Upstairs on the ground floor there is an original Finnish electric sauna with attached hot room, showers and toilets. The sauna saw a lot of use every day, but particularly at times of heavy downpour from the dark skies. The main floor houses a recreation hall with ping-pong and pool tables, library,



ice cream and coke machines, juke-box, bulletin board, and a modernly equipped all-electric members' kitchen. From here, a panoramic window offers a sweeping view of the lake. Sunday night at 10.45 p.m. the teenagers took over the recreation hall for their own dance, and no adults over 21 were allowed in. Above it, an open half-loft in natural wood, with gable windows and a large skylight, lends spaciousness to the recreation hall and adds several hundred square feet of floor area. The loft provided space for dozens of visitors—mainly teenagers—dozing off in sleeping bags.

Both Saturday and Sunday big meals were served, namely western beef barbecue prepared for several hours on an electric spit, and a roast turkey dinner topped by slices of convention cake, a specially prepared and stacked layers of delicious dessert. To work all these goodies off, visitors and members took up their competitive sports with a vengeance, or went off in exploration of the scenic nature. A brisk 30 minutes' walk takes you along wooded paths to a big bend in the Sultan River, at a place where low water levels expose rapids, giant rounded rocks dotting the river-

bed, and the equivalent to tide pools.

Frank, Lake Associate's manager and our guide on the hike, told us of the black bears, deer and puma native to the region, as well as of coyotes and an occasional white wolf. But, he reassured us, the animals run away when meeting with the dreaded homo sapiens! Lilac, white, and hybrid foxgloves are plentiful along the paths, and yellow and white daisies are just abundant. This excursion in a sylvan setting should not be missed by anyone planning to spend more than a day or two at Lake Associates,

AN UN~MISSIONARY

PROBING THE PRESS

The streets of Copenhagen, Oslo and London have recently been filled with women protestors. Women Against Rape, have made themselves heard. But while all this is going on a strange case reaches the London Courts—where the matter is turned on its head. Maggie Stillwell imagines a possible outcome.



HUSBAND: 'It's dreadful—it's happened again! I can't bear it! It's such a frightening, dirty business. So humiliating . . . degrading . . .'

Wife: 'My poor dear. Not again, surely. You haven't been raped again have you? I told you to avoid that path through the park . . .'

These thoughts are prompted by the astonishing events recently described in court when a young woman was accused of abducting a man. It was alleged she carried

him off to a country cottage, manacled him to the bed with locks and chains and then had her lustful way with him. It turned out to be a case of no fury like that of a woman scorned.

Her victim, if he could be called such, was a young Mormon Missionary who had the Missionary Position reversed on him.

If this sort of thing spreads, no man will be safe. But on the other hand, what a wonderful excuse it may turn out to be. If hubby comes home reeking of alcohol

POSITION



and perfume after saying he was staying late at the office the conversation may run like this.

'Yes, it was the park. I'll never go near it again. I had just turned the corner under the yew tree when she dropped onto me.'

'Dropped onto you?'

'Yes, she was waiting for me. Up in the branches. Fell on me, and dragged me into the bushes. Tore my clothes off in her madness.'

'But why didn't you hit her. Yell—scream, or something?'

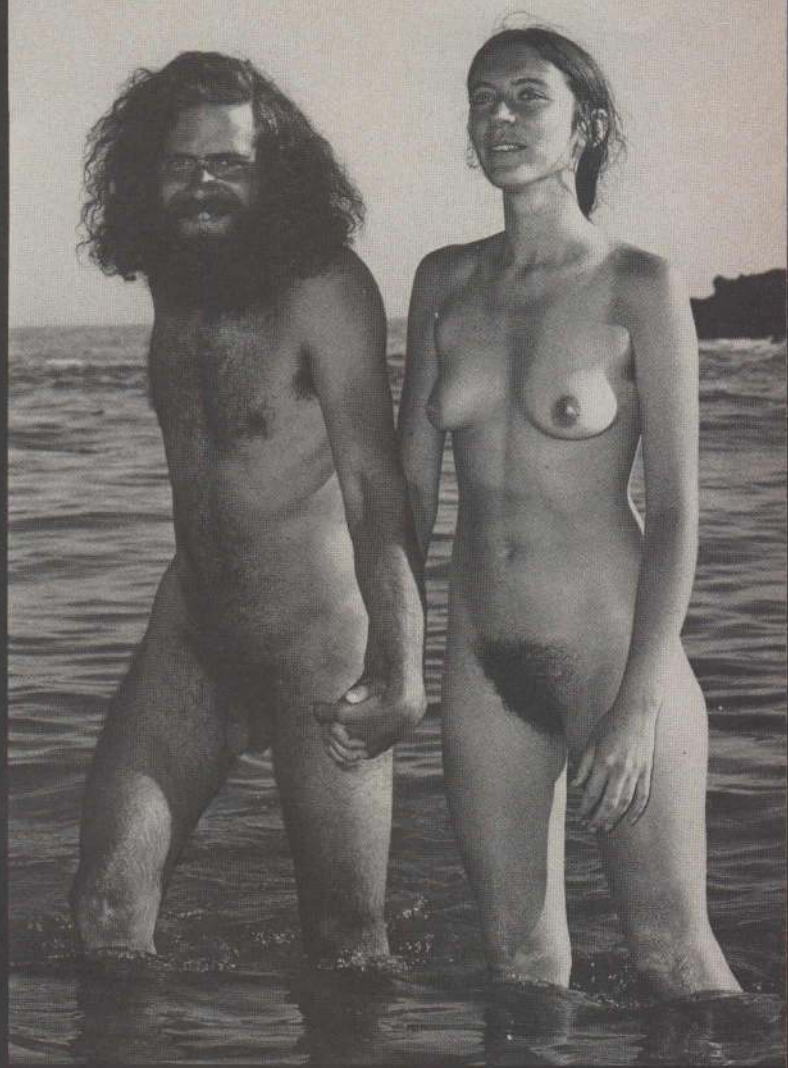
'How could I? She had a nail file at my throat. One slash of that and I'd be a gonner. Better to submit. They all say that. Better to submit.'

'Who all say that?'

'The men at the office, dear. Most of them have suffered at one time or another. "Just give in" they say. "A really wild woman can do criminal things with a sharp nail file".'

'Oh, she didn't? Not that! Did she?'

'Of course not honey, she just





raped me a few times.'

'A few times—you mean more than once?'

'Yes. Horrible. She demanded more and more.'

'Then how many times?'

'Oh about three. She wanted some more, but I'm afraid I couldn't manage another. So she let me go. I ran. But I saw her climbing into the yew tree again. Pity the next poor fellow who passes there. I tell you she's insatiable...'

'We must ring the police. Immediately. Before she traps another poor fellow.'

'No, dear. I don't think that's the best thing. Better forget it all. You know the publicity. It would be terrible. Fancy the Jones getting to know what had happened to me. They would laugh their heads off. "Serve him right," they would say, "always a bloody prude" they would say. And how would you like the butcher to know your husband had been

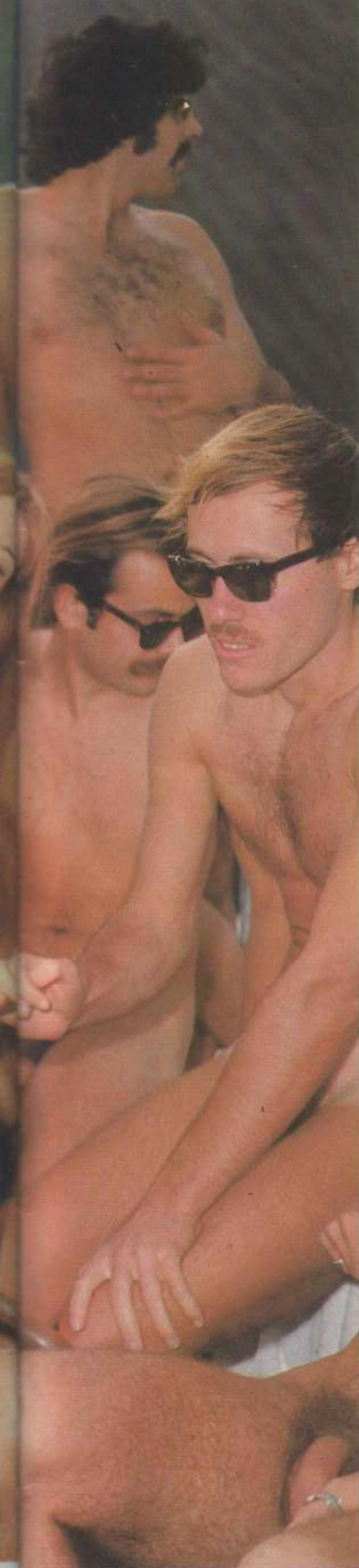
shamelessly raped... again. No better forget it. I think I'll just go and have a nice hot bath...'

Well stranger things have come to pass. But among them will hardly be noted our record on free beaches in this country. At their annual general meeting the CCBN planned to do something about it. Strangely in about 60 years of trying the movement has so far totally failed to get even one official free beach. Yes, I know about that one at Pilchards Cove.

But the movement didn't get that. No amount of asking or lobbying achieves free beaches. Just using them does.

The meeting gained the usual publicity. The *Watford Evening Echo* ran a picture of the delegates. The headline? 'Bare facts of nudists' raw deal'. Two puns in a line. Not bad.

And talking of headlines, newspapers in Bolton, Shropshire, Watford and Sandwell ran the same item 'Five hundred nudists



are building an indoor sports centre at Laugherton, near Lincoln . . . The five headlines were, Nude cover up, Bare facts . . . Nude sport and Cold comfort. The last alluding to the use of the centre in the winter. One with a difference was 'Securi-Cor!' taken from the *Sunday Mirror* reporting that security men guarded hundreds of nudists at Darlaston, Staffordshire from peeping toms.

The *Daily Record* of Glasgow



produced an interesting piece headed 'Prince gets a naughty note'. It went on to say the Torbay Sun and Air Club wants Prince Charles to become a patron 'in recognition of his services to nudism'. The club claims that the Prince 'used to peel off on South Devon's golden beaches' while at Dartmouth Naval College. Founder member David Kimberley is reported to have said, 'Why shouldn't he? He owns the beach—it is all Duchy of Cornwall land.' A spokesman from Buckingham Palace said, 'It is unlikely that the Prince indulged in nude sunbathing . . . Why is it

'unlikely' I wonder. He appears to be a perfectly normal young man to me.

We have all heard of local officials who find it convenient to trip around the world on the excuse of visiting something or other for information. Usually on the pay roll of the taxpayer. But here is something different. The *Surrey Daily Advertiser*, Guildford, reported that a group of Waverley councillors were to visit a nudist camp—to see if they should allow it a new swimming pool. No doubt the councillors seeing all those beautiful nude lasses of Guildford standing



The Book of Life begins with a man and a woman in a garden and it ends with Revelations.

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around with nowhere to cover themselves with water will agree to a swimming pool.

Up Coventry way, the Woodlands Club was again in the news. Do they have a reporter on the *Birmingham Post* as a member I wonder. Anyhow, that paper ran a piece saying that membership of clubs 'throughout the region' had plummeted from last years heatwave peak. During the heatwave summer they had as many as 200 in the Woodlands Club. This summer, most weekends saw little more than about 20 people on the sun lawns.

Nudie calendars

Finally an odd bit of news taking us away back to 1941. The then British National Sun and Air Association was holding its annual dinner dance. Noel Barber describes events in his recently published autobiography. For some reason the first event was a nude table tennis tournament. Then came the dance. 'There is one concession,' he was told. 'As we are dancing, the ladies will be wearing shoes and you can keep on your socks.'

'Socks?'

'Splinters, Mr. Barber, splinters.'

Somehow the tale sounds apocryphal. I can hardly believe they were foxtrotting nude in 1941. But if they were they must have been streets ahead of today. Can you imagine the C.C.B.N. or the I.N.F. running a nudie dance session at their annual general meetings?

Nor can I imagine myself buying the latest thing in calendars. One for the girls. It consists entirely of pin-up boys. Each month has a sepiaed male nude—some quite naughty. Sue Jeffs is the photographer. She got friends and fellow students to strip and

bare it. (This punning is infectious.) Seems to me if this sort of thing is going to catch on then some nudist photographer (female) could make a good thing of it, perhaps helping club funds. In the United States they take this calendar thing a step further. Recently a New York newspaper carried the following advertisement. 'The Nude you on your 1978 calendar, tastefully photographed in your own environment.' Now, how about that!

And how about this. The *Amateur Photographer*, published in London, has recently been puzzling about the nude. 'Is it beautiful?' queries Martin Hodder, the Editor. It appears that the magazine had received some criticism from readers saying that since people don't walk around naked, they shouldn't be photographed naked. But the Editor pointed out that some people *do* walk around naked. He might have gone on to instance nudists, but didn't. But he did mention the topless bathers of today. And he pointed out, 'in the privacy of their homes many people remove their clothing. Yes, even during daylight hours.'

The Editor then concluded that it was perfectly O.K. to photograph people 'in the raw'. Subsequently, a reader, M. Etienne of Waterloo, Belgium, wrote to the Editor expressing some refreshing views well worth quoting.

'When one of your correspondents associates nudity with sexual emotions, that is quite the normal reaction, not one to be ashamed of. Does he not associate a photograph of flowers with a perfume or an appreciation of colour? Should not a good still life composed of fruits give him the desire to eat them or even a photograph of a dog or cat invite the viewer to stroke the animal?'

Well said M. Etienne.

A bare assertion is not necessarily
the naked truth.





PHOTO CLUB

Our competitions are open to all readers. There are three categories where the prizes are: First £10, Second £5 and Third £3. They are **Female Beauty**, **Group Pictures** and **Men**. In addition there is a **Special Class** to cover any other Naturist subject. The prizes are: First £10, Second £5 and Third £3. You must put your name and address on the back of every print or attached to the cover of your colour slide. Also we must have your assurance that the subject agrees to publication. Note that we cannot use colour prints, only transparencies. Black and white prints are not returned unless specially requested and stamped and addressed envelope or international postage coupons enclosed.

When it comes to your figure photography, Murray James says that big certainly is beautiful. And he is not referring to the size of your model. This month he continues discussing lenses and in particular the long focus lens and tells how you can use it to get better and more exciting pictures.

BIG IS BEAUTIFUL

LAST month we discussed in general terms that most important part of the camera—the lens. Most modern 35 mm cameras come in what is known as the Single Lens Reflex (SLR) form. For simplicity sake let us consider that this means the shutter is separated from the lens. There are of course other unique functions of the SLR, but for the moment we are concerned with lenses. Thus the SLR can usually have the lenses changed, simply by unscrewing one lens from the camera body and screwing in a different one.

With this facility you can replace your 'standard' lens with either a telephoto or wide angle type lens. The telephoto most favoured is of 135 mm focal length. With this on your camera, you can stand at some distance from your model and still get a large image in the viewfinder and on the film. As we mentioned last month you can now stand on one side of a swimming pool and shoot across the water to picture your model on the other side.

But you might ask, why use the telephoto when you could use the standard lens anyway? The answer to this question raises a most important point and one we must consider in some detail right away.

When you come to producing your final picture say in black and white, you will find that the less you have to enlarge the original negative the better the final quality of the picture. That is very important. Read it again.

In colour we have the same principle. If your colour trans-

parency is to be reproduced in a magazine, say to the size they are in this journal, then the original will at some stage in the process be enlarged from its original size. The larger the original the more likely it is that the final result will be of excellent quality. Even if you are only using your slides to project onto the wall at home, the same principle applies. The bigger the original (all other things being equal) the better the enlarged result.

This explains why professional photographers will go to considerable trouble and expense to produce a colour picture on film material 5 in. x 4 in. or even 10 in. x 8 in. in size. They could just as easily use 35 mm, perhaps even more easily. But they do not. Their prime reason (though there are others) is so that they can give their client the highest quality.

So I am going to lay it down as a fundamental rule of figure work that the bigger your negative image, the more likely you will be to produce an excellent picture. The implications of this rule are so wide ranging that we will come back to it time and time again during the course of these lessons.

It is also a very unpopular rule. The owners of 35 mm cameras—that is most amateurs—resent it and try hard to disprove its truth. They go to astonishing lengths to 'prove' that 35 mm can produce work 'just as good' as the larger format cameras. Indeed, some astonishingly good work can be done with the 35 mm camera. Many of the colour pictures as well as the black and white appear-

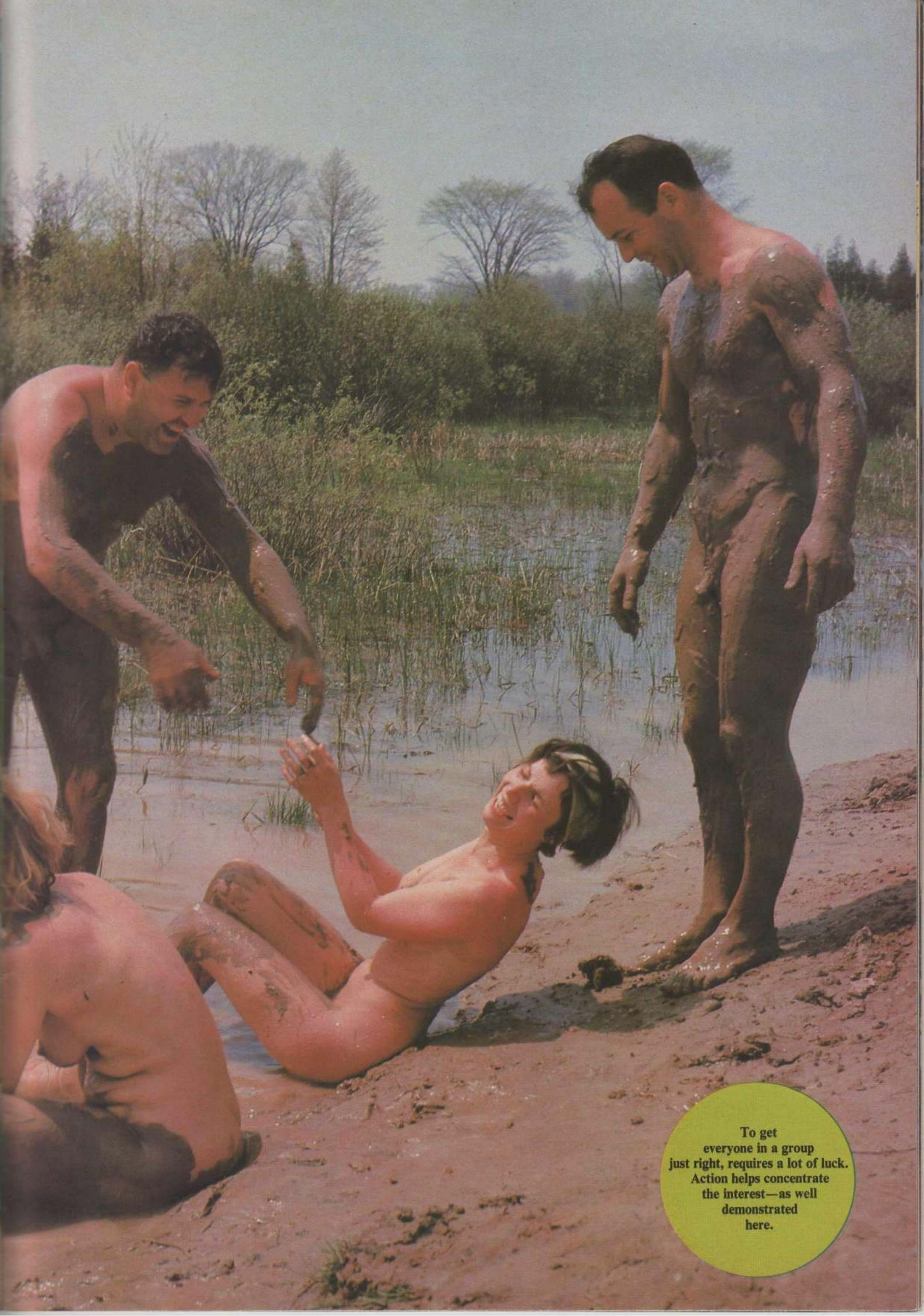
ing in this magazine originated from 35 mm cameras. So perhaps to make myself perfectly clear I should say that *providing all else is equal*, the bigger format camera will win all along the line.

So your prime objective is to put as large an image as possible on the film. In figure work then, since the figure is the most important part of the picture, you will want to get the negative image as large as possible. Up to a certain point you can do this by simply getting nearer to your subject. But this approach is limited by the resulting distortion which occurs with all lenses as you approach too closely.

But sometimes you cannot get any closer. Just as we saw earlier when we were talking of taking the picture across the width of the swimming pool. This is where the long focus lens helps. You see, it will throw a larger image of your subject onto the film than will the normal or standard lens. There are many situations where you will want to shoot from some distance. For instance there are few cameras which take kindly to sea water. So if you want to get those exciting shots of surfers among the waves you will need to stand some way off. Or you may be confined to a spectator's area with all the action taking place at a distance. The club beauty contest is an example.

Finally an interesting thought. Some models feel ill at ease with the photographer close to them. The further away he is the better pleased they appear!





To get everyone in a group just right, requires a lot of luck. Action helps concentrate the interest—as well demonstrated here.



**Female
Beauty**

**PHOTO
CLUB**

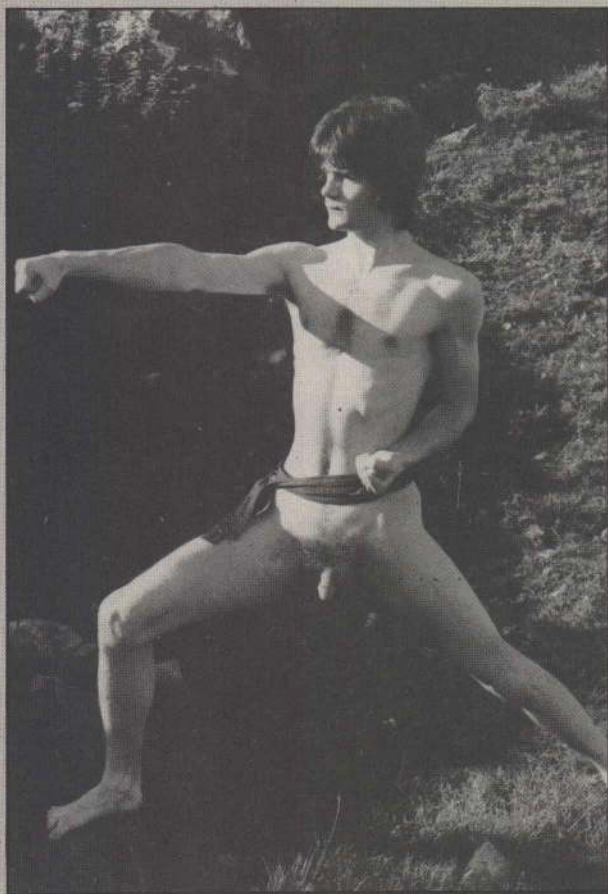


FIRST This beautiful girl takes first prize not only for the photograph but also for the true model spirit of smiling through an uncomfortable position.

SECOND Again a difficult position well held—but isn't the background a little distracting?

THIRD Typical outdoor figure shot of a few years ago. Classical pose is a little out of date.

READERS' PHOTO CONTEST



Men

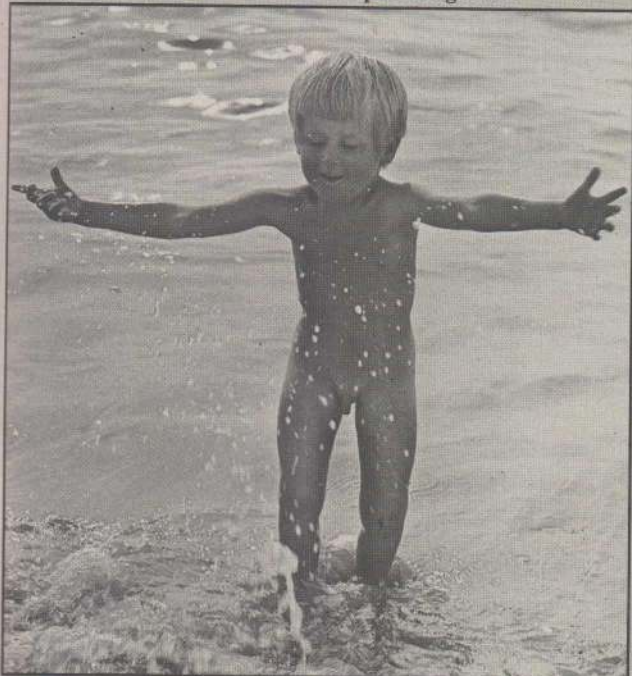
FIRST Action takes the first prize again. Appropriate manly position. But blacks could be blacker.

SECOND The second prize of £5 goes to this nicely arranged picture of a relaxed young man.

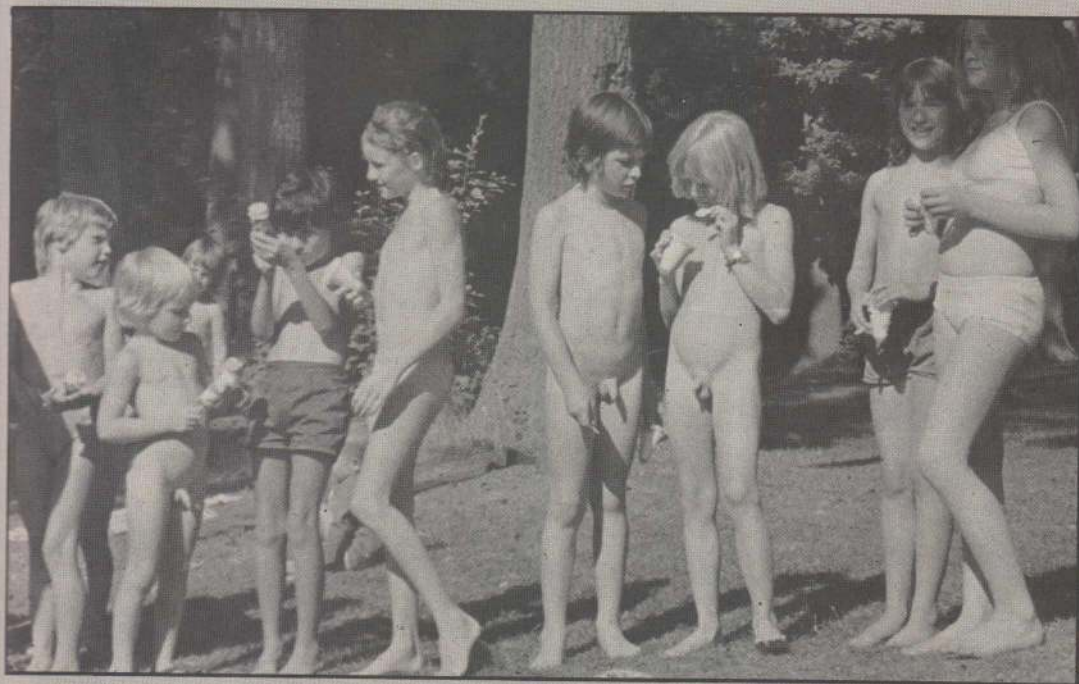
THIRD The photographer would have done better if the fellow could have avoided that squint.

Children

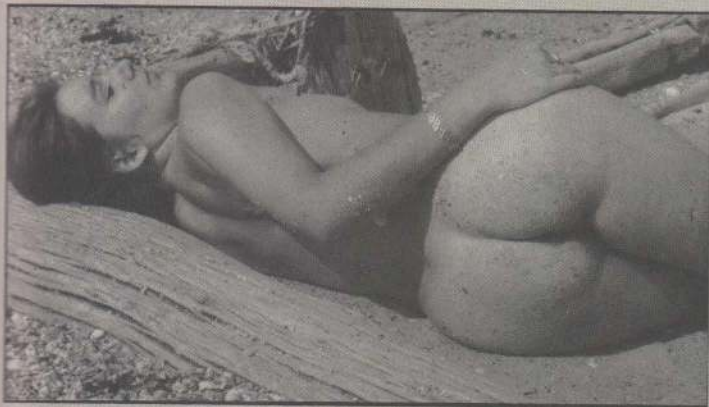
FIRST Child in the water only just got the top prize of £10 mainly because of the action and simple background.



SECOND Could have been the winner but oh that background, so cluttered and broken up. A background like this destroys the unity of the picture.

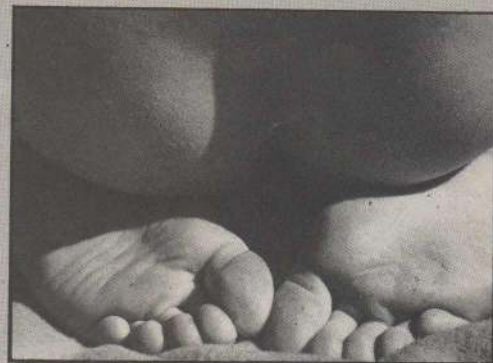


THIRD This happy group of kids shows Eureka's unique rule in action: 'Dress is optional and so is undress.'



FIRST Artistic aspirations? Contrasting soft flesh, hard timber and shingle.

Special Class



SECOND Another very individual interpretation of curves, rhythms and masses. Odd thought. Both photographers in this class are architects—does that explain anything?

ALL THE WINNERS

LADIES first. So let us look at this month's crop of beauties. And they are good this month. The standard is high but there are still a few words to be said. First place goes to the beautiful young woman in the woods. I see the photographer lives in Kent, sometimes known as the Garden of England. I'm not sure, but I think I would have liked to see a more open background. As it is, all those branches of the trees bared of their leaves are rather distracting. And, with a model like this, who wants distraction.

Second prize goes to the lithe lass bending over backwards to please. A nice 'action' type of indoor shot. However it is perhaps a little too obviously taken with flash. The reflections from the background are again rather distracting. But the skin tones are mostly very well rendered.

Finally, we come to the entry sent us by a reader in Kiel. Good work, but again grain is obvious and the rather strained pose doesn't help.

Now, let us turn to the men. I'm giving first prize to Susan Mayfield's shot of the young man. Not because she is one of our most popular contributors but because of the excellent way the figure stands out from the background. I suppose the obviously posed stance is acceptable when it represents a normal action in this particular discipline. I have no comment on second or third.

Children? Those placed first and second are among the best we have ever published. Praise could not be higher.

Finally the specials. Only two prizes this time. First to the sandy lass, and, well the other is really the end.

PHOTO CLUB

This is your page. Readers' views are welcome. And to prove it here we give you one letter which is hardly full of praise. But we think it raises some good points and our reply should clear the air a little.

Money, Money, Money!

AN interesting, hard hitting letter this month from a professional photographer in London.

Dear Editor,

I read with interest the launching of the 'New Photo Club' in Health & Efficiency Monthly, Volume 78, No. 12 and agree broadly with the aims expressed in your leading articles. H.&E. has suffered at times with the lack of genuine naturist photographs and having to fall back on girlie or glamour pictures to fill the gaps. Any way of improving this situation is to be applauded.

A possible reason for the lack of suitable naturist photographs for reproduction is the prize money offered in your New Photo Club Competition. A £2 reproduction fee for either a black and white or a colour picture being printed in a magazine with international circulation, you must be joking. Yes, I know it's a competition and I'm quoting the lowest prize in the last section. And yes, I know it's a specialist magazine with minimal advertising, but you are trying to encourage photographers not just amateurs to send you photographs.

A colour picture taken on 5 in. x 4 in. transparency materials in these inflationary times costs in the region of £1.60 for film and processing plus all other expenses and overheads on top. If I was offered a fee of £10 for colour reproduction in an international magazine I would feel insulted. If a photograph is worth reproducing it deserves a reasonable fee.

But I have moved away from your New Photo Club's aims which was illustrated on pages 44 and 45 by a picture captioned, and I quote, 'A problem solved. To get all his subjects in focus, photographer stopped down to f.16' when in fact it showed incorrect focusing, the focus being set too far back and the foreground figures being blurred. A suitable caption would have read, 'A problem in photography—Incorrect focus. By moving the

point of focus nearer the camera and stopping down to f.16 all the subject matter would have been in focus.'

Although this letter may sound like a knocking letter against the club, it is not. I hope that the New Photo Club gets the backing it deserves from readers and gets off the ground and is not just another damp squid in naturism.

R. R. Fauvel-Clinch
London Photographer

Taking your points in turn. The prize money. Yes you did harp on the lowest prize in the lowest category. Altogether if all the prizes available were awarded, we would be paying out in the region of £72 every month. That lowest prize you mention was a mistake although the real value is only a pound more. But you are mistaken when you say we are out to attract professional photographers. We are not; it is up to them if they want to enter, but we would honestly prefer to give the money to amateurs to encourage them to improve. Professionals have all the rest of our pages and they find our fees there very acceptable. Otherwise we wouldn't have approaches from all over the world. There is no shortage of material, either amateur or professional. And basically, as in every other business it is supply and demand which establishes the market rate.

Our £10 prizes are often paid out for a picture which has cost the author (in materials) less than 10p. Winning odds of 100 to 1 is not bad going. I don't accept a distinction between pictures. Others may call them nudist, naturist, glamour or girlie. To me they are pictures of nude people. I certainly cannot accept the thesis that beautiful girls in beautiful pictures cannot be nudist, but must be labelled glamour or something akin.

Your point regarding the caption is accepted, of course you are right. And thanks too for your good wishes.

Readers'
Photo Club

Murray James





CLUB

BRITISH

CCBN MEMBERS

Adventurers Sun Club, near Maidstone and Sittingbourne.
Apollo Sun Club, near Haywards Heath and Brighton.
The Arcadians, near Brentford and Southend-on-Sea.
Avon Outdoor Club, near Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick and Banbury.
Aztecs Sun Park, near East Grinstead, Redhill and Horsham.
Naturist Foundation, South London.
Blackthorns Sun Club, near Sharnbrook, between Bedford and Kettering.
Bournemouth & District Outdoor Club, near Ringwood.
Brighton Sun Club, near Haywards Heath and Newick.
Bristol Solarians, near Chipping Sodbury.
Broadland Sun Association Ltd., near London (South).
Cambridge Outdoor Club, near Cambridge, Ely & St. Ives (Cams).
Croydon Sun Society, near London (South).
Diogenes Club, near Gerrards Cross, Uxbridge and Watford.
East Midland Sunfolk, near Lincoln, Newark-on-Trent, Gainsborough.
Four Seasons Club, near Worthing, Shoreham-on-Sea and Brighton.
Gardenia Sun Club, near London (North), St. Albans.
Greenacres Sun Club, Durham area.
Haslemere Sun Club, also near Hindhead and Liphook.
Hastings Sun Club, also Folkestone area.
Heritage Sun Club, near Reading and Aldershot.
Invicta Sun Club, between Dover and Deal.
Isis Sun Club, between Bridgend and Cowbridge.
Lakeland Outdoor Club, Cumbria area.

Lancashire Sun Society, between Southport and Preston.
Leicester Sun Group, between Coventry and Leicester.
Lancashire Sun Society.
Liverpool Sun and Air Society.
Manchester Sun and Air Society.
Marguerite Sun Club, near Oakham, Stamford and Uppingham.
Naturist Foundation, near London (South).
North Western Sunbathing Society, Stockport, Macclesfield, Congleton area.
Nottingham Sun Club, Mansfield, Nottingham, Derby area.
Nova Sun Club, near Sutton, Dorking, Reigate, Guildford.
Oakwood Sun Club, near Brentwood.
Pendale Sun Club, near Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield.
Phoenix Sun Club, near Buxton, Congleton, Macclesfield and Leek.
Pines Sun Club, near Ross, Newent, Gloucester and Cinderford.
Ribble Valley Club, near Preston, Blackburn and Wallasey.
Ridgewood Sun Club, near Bristol, Portishead and Clevedon.
Scottish Outdoor Club, near Glasgow.
Sheplegh Court, near Totnes, Brixham, Dartmouth.
Solway Sun Club, near Carlisle, Brampton and Longtown.
South Hants Sun Club, near Portsmouth and Southampton.
South London Sun Society.
South Western Outdoor Club, near Yeovil, Sherborne, Evershot.
Springwood Sun Club, near Colchester.
Sunbeam (South East Essex) Sun Club, near Billericay, Wickford.
Sungrove Sun Club, near Grimsby and Brigsley.
Sunnybroom Sun Club, near Aberdeen, Balmoral and Peterhead.
Tando, between Carlisle and Newcastle.
Vagari Sun Club, near Godalming, Fareham and Hindhead.
Valerian Sun Club, near Ryde and Newport, I.O.W.
Valley Sun Club, near Leeds, Bradford and Ripon.
Weald Group, near Haywards Heath, Burgess Hill and Henfield.
Western Sun Folk, near Monmouth and Chepstow.
Westways Sun Club, near Malmesbury and Minety.
White House Club, near London (South).
White Rose Club, York, near Strensall and Flaxton.
Woodlands Sun Club, near Coventry.
Wrekin Sun Club, serves area bounded by Shrewsbury, Whitchurch, Market Drayton and Telford.
Yorkshire Sun Society, near Hull.
Zaribah Sun Club, near Hastings, Rye, Tenterden.

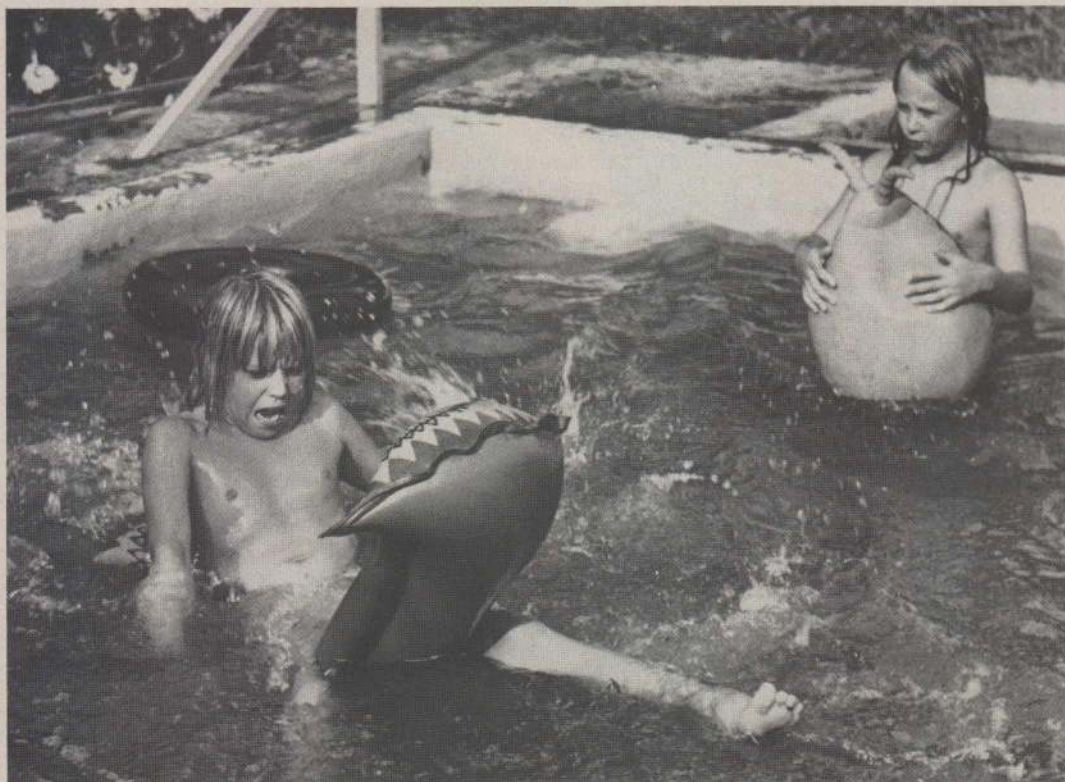
INDEPENDENT CLUBS

Berkshire Sun and Leisure Club, Bracknell, Berks. A. G. Scott, 40 Spinis, Roman Wood, Bracknell, Berks.
Eureka Club, M. Wilson, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent.
Spielplatz, near St. Albans, Herts.

Further information about the CCBN clubs in the above list can be obtained from CCBN, Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent BR5 4ET. They issue a handbook, price £1.



This chain and padlock at Eureka is symbolic only. Club's Motto, 'If you've a skin—you're in'.



A desperate effort to save the ship fails at Sunbeam Club, Essex.

DIRECTORY

The following directory is published to give you an idea of the location of various clubs. If you want further information you should write to the address of the country concerned given at the foot of the directory. Club Secretaries in England, France and Germany are invited to submit addresses for publication together with any news, notes or matters of general interest to Nudists throughout Europe. Published in English, French and German, this section can provide all of Europe with a common meeting ground. We hope in the future to bring you items of interest from the INF, FFN and the United Kingdom organisations.

Readers in the United Kingdom should note that there are two major organisations working quite independently. They are the C.C.B.N. (Central Council for British Naturism, Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent BR5 4ET) and the Eureka Group, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent DA12 4DN. The former is the older and more traditional. The latter breaks away from the more conventional approaches to social nudity.

BELGIUM

ANTWERP

Athena, P.O. Box 225, 2000 Antwerpen.
De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, 2020 Antwerpen.

BRUSSELS

Compagnons Campeurs Belges, BP 888, 1000, Brussels.
Helios, P.O. Box 1185, 1000 Brussels.

GENT

Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, 9000 Gent.

HASSELT

Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, 3500 Hasselt.

LIEGE

Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, 4000 Liege.
Nature et Sport, c/o J. M. Renkin, rue Bidaut 21 A, 4000 Liege 1.

VOTTEM

Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40, B-4410 Vottem.

FRENCH

PARIS

Some 15 Clubs around Paris among which are:

Gymno-Club du Thelle.
Centre Gymnique de l'Oise.
La Fertille.
Sport et Nature.
Air et Soleil.
Heliomonde.
Club Gymnique de France.

LILLE

Plein Air Relax Club.

REIMS

Centre Gymnique de Champagne.

ORLEANS

Les Bogues, Club du Soleil, Joi et Sante d'Orleans.
Puy la Lande.

BORDEAUX

Centre Helio-Marin de Montalivet.

NICE

La Gorghetta.

CORSICA

Robinson Club La Chiappa.

Corsicana.

SOUTH OF FRANCE

Port Nature.
Verdon Provence.
Le Romegas.

VALENCIENNE

Centre Gymnique du Nord.

MAUBEUGE

Natura.

LE HAVRE

Bois des 40 Acres.

ROUEN

La Bouleauifiere.

EVREUX

Bois de Glisolles, Pomme Doree, BP 25, 27000-Evreux.

NANCY

Le Cardinal, Union Gymnique de Lorraine, Les Ombelles, Haut-du-Lievre, Ent.C., 54000-Nancy.

STRASBOURG

Centre Gymnique d'Alsace, BP 161, 67025 Strasbourg-

CEDEX

BREST

Club du Soleil, BP 246, 29271 Brest.

RENNES

Club du Soleil, Section de Rennes, BP 724, 35009 Rennes.

BOURGES

Les Amis du Chataignier, 18250 La Chapelotte.

LAVAL

Club du Soleil, 20 Place Pasteur, 53000 Laval.

DIJON

Club du Soleil, 7 rue du Dr. Chaussier, 21000 Dijon.

French readers can write for more information to: La Federation Francaise de Naturisme (F.F.N.) 4 avenue du Coq, 75009 Paris. There are many more clubs in France than those listed above.

Selected French Holiday Resorts for Nudists.

La Conche, Cct J Bennot, Relais de la Conche, St Montant, 07220-Viviers.

La Chataigneraie, La Chataigneraie, 07-La Bastide de Virac.

Alpes et Soleil, 38 Sinard.

La Genese, Mejanne-le-Clap, 30710 St. Jean-de-Maruejols.

La Gorgetta, Jean Goffin, La Gorgetta, 06720 Levens.

Le Haut Chandelalar, Brianconnet 06850 St Auban, Alpes-Maritimes.

Domaine Naturiste de Belezy, Belezy-Provence, 84410 Bedoin.

Corsicana, Club Corsicana, Linguissette, 20320 San Nicolao.

Montalivet, Centre Helio-Marin 33930 Montalivet.

Le Moulin, Ernest Ridet, Au Moulin, 20210 Porto-vecchio, BP 36.

La Chiappa, S.A. 20210 Porto-vecchio.

Tropica, Mme Jeanne Lovati, Centre Naturiste Tropica, 20230 San-Nicolao.



Sitting pretty in front of new apartments block at Agde in the South of France.

Port Nature au Cap D'Agde, Club Nature Port Nature 34300 Cap d'Agde.

Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme. Metge, BP 1 30430 Barjac.

Le Romegas, Jeannine Schillemans, Le Romegas 26174 Buis-les-Baronnies.

Ran du Chateau de Fereyrolles, Robert Malafoffe, 7 rue de la Republique, 30100 Ales.

The addresses given show where you should write for further information. They are not always the address of the resort.

GERMAN

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Natur-und Sportfreunde Aachen e.V.

AUGSBURG

Sportbund Helios Augsburg e.V.

BAMBURG

Natur-und Sportbund.

BEYRUTH

Sportbund für Körperkultur.

BERLIN

Verein für Körperkultur Berlin-Sudwest.

BREMEN

Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung.

FKK Wiking Bremen, e.V. 28 Bremen, D-Bonhoefferstrasse 36.

DORTMUND

Sport und Naturfreunde Dortmund, 46 Dortmund-Hombruch Postfach 169.

DUISBURG

Lichtbund Niederrhein, 4 Dusseldorf, Postfach 5131.

DUSSELDORF

Sportfreunde Dusseldorf, Dusseldorf 1, Postfach 7113.

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FKK-Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

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Helio-Familien Sportgemeinschaft.

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Sun, Luneburger Heide, 314 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.

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Freie Sportgemeinschaft Amperland.

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Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung. Stuttgarter Sonnenfreunde.

WIESBADEN

Orplid, 62 Wiesbaden, Postfach 4532.

MANNHEIM

Freier Lichtbund Mannheim, 68 Mannheim 1, Postfach 711.

COBURG

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Coburg, 8634 Rodach b.Coburg, Feldstrasse 1.

NURNBERG

Sportgemeinschaft Sonnenfreunde, 85 Nurnberg, Drahtzieherstrasse 25.

REGENSBURG

Naturistenbund Donau, 84 Regensburg, Postfach 326.

REUTLINGEN

Bund für Familiensport Reutlingen, D741 Reutlingen, Postfach 382.

SCHWENNINGEN

BfL Schwarzwald, 1229, 7730 Villingen.

For German readers Richard Danehl's Verlag, 2 Hamburg 50, Postfach 500 344 have published in 1974 a booklet 'FKK Reiseführer.' It contains the addresses of all the above German Clubs and many more both in Germany and elsewhere in Europe.

FREEDOM'S THE SPUR

Curiosity, they say, killed the cat and naturally outsiders wonder what goes on inside the fences and the gates of a nudist club. Jenny Jones takes a look at the beliefs and the realities as she follows our young couple . . .

ONE of the things that puzzles outsiders is just what goes on inside the gates of a nudist camp. They wonder about the locked gates, and the fences. Some outsiders go so far as to suggest that all this secrecy can only mean that something very guilty is happening within the walls.

Indeed so strong is the belief, that some outsiders will go to great lengths to infiltrate a club. The old way was just to make a

hole in the fence and peer in. Some peepers use more imagination. Like the fellow reported recently who clambered up a telegraph post to see over the walls. He pretended to be a post office engineer. No go; he departed in a police car.

The most interesting of the new ploys is much more subtle. What you do is to penetrate the perimeter fence and immediately strip. Then you hide your clothes and







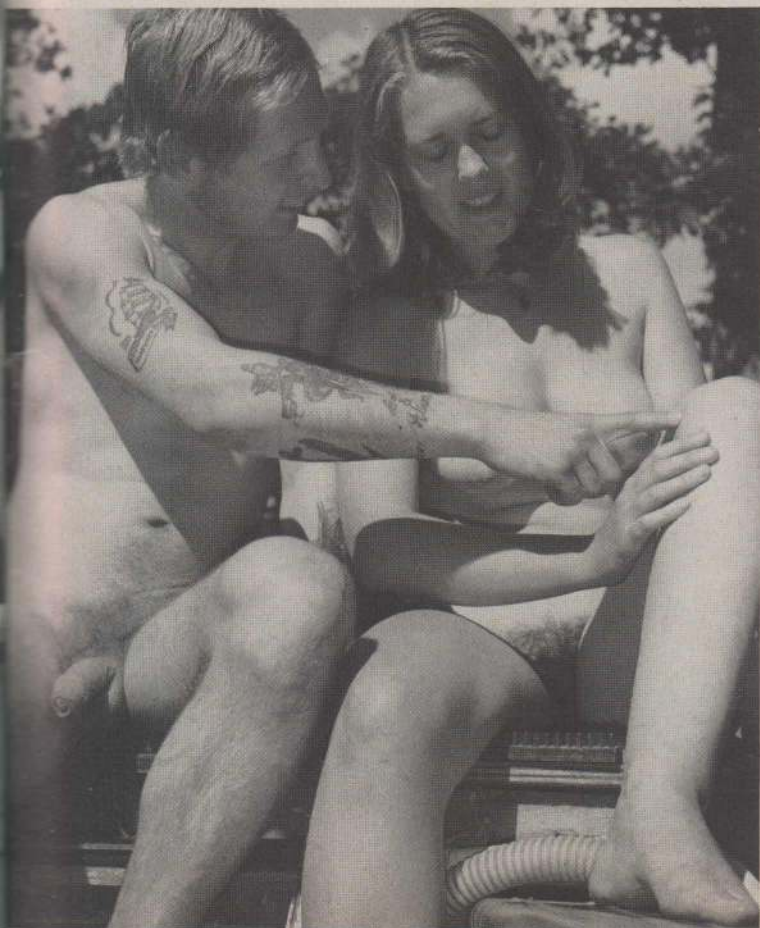
join the genuine nudists on their sunbathing lawns. It is a risky ploy. Most nudists are unkind to peepers. Far better to pay the small fee demanded and make a day visit to a club. Not many allow strangers on this basis, but there is at least one in the London area which will give you an inexpensive glimpse into the everyday life of the club.

But for those of you who would still like to have some idea of what it is like before you venture, let us follow one couple's day.

First thing they will have to make a guess about the weather. Will the sun shine? Nudism is pretty useless without the sun. Having decided to take the risk, the next thing is to prepare for the day out. You swim perhaps, then you will need a towel—but no bathing suit. For sunbathing you will need to take at least a towel. Better far, something more comfortable like an air bed or one of the modern reclining sun seats. As well as sun glasses, you should consider a sun shade or peaked cap. Glasses are fine, as far as they go, but protection from the direct rays of the sun is even better.

Finally, what about sports. Your own badminton racquet? Miniten bat? Table-tennis bat? Larger equipment like a volley ball will usually be provided by the club. Then you may wish to take a picnic lunch if you contemplate being there long.

Arriving at your club for the first time, you will usually want to see around. Someone will be there just for this purpose. That com-



plete, you come to the crunch—to strip and select your sunbathing area. This business of stripping is a lot less difficult than you would imagine. Of course you are conditioned to wearing clothes—even at the beach. Of course you have never been naked in mixed company before.

But you will soon find it surprisingly difficult to keep your clothes on when all the rest are naked. No one likes being the centre of attention. And just as a naked man among the clothed would be the centre of attention, so a clothed man among the naked is equally so.

Strangely, it is the men who raise the most serious objection. Many are convinced they will suffer (?) an erection at the sight of so many naked women. But this would be true only of a man who had somehow completely conditioned himself to equate female nudity with sexual opportunity. Few if any men are so conditioned. Often the fear of the situation arising is sufficient to guarantee safety.

But let us follow our typical

young married couple around as they pass the day at their club. In this case Eureka, just south of London.

Usually they will join some of their friends on the main sun lawn in front of the pavillion. This is completely sheltered from the outside world and surrounded by yew, beech and oak trees.

Sooner or later this will pall and they will wander across to one of the swimming pools. There is an immense amount of entertainment to be had here. Especially at the large pool, but if that is a bit boisterous then they will find peace in one of the smaller pools.

After that they may elect to play badminton or swing from a bar swung high in the branches above or just return to sunbathing perhaps in a different location. Time for a snack? Well the pavillion café is always open.

Rounding up the day they may care to take a quiet stroll through the surrounding woods. Eventually it's time to depart.

You see—there is nothing to it—so give it a try.







READERS' LETTERS

Letters intended for publication should be clearly marked as such and addressed to the Editor, H. & E. Monthly, Peenhill Limited, 8-9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.4. The opinions expressed in correspondence from letters do not necessarily reflect those of the publisher or Editor.

SINGLE MEN BAN: CRUEL AND STUPID

FIRST, I would like to subscribe to H.&E. Please send me your rates and the ways of sending money. Thank you.

I am writing to you to tell you about my disappointment with the methods of some naturist resorts I will not mention by name.

I practiced naturism for five years with my wife and my two daughters. During last year, my wife and I divorced. This year, I had the unpleasant surprise to be refused admission to the resort despite my previous membership for the only reason that, being alone I was, or could be considered, a sexual deviate. I find this unacceptable. I immediately contacted my ex-wife to find out if she met with the same problems. No. A woman alone is still accepted. What conclusion do you draw from this? However, I want to thank M. and Mme Dujonché of the Verdon de Provence vacation resort who accepted me and understood my problem.

I am calling on your good sense to tell me the resorts in the Languedoc-Roussillon area where a single man can have access and make naturist friends.

I am taking precautions for 1978: I am looking for young people, boys and girls, in groups or alone, wanting to share their vacations with me and to become

real naturist friends, because I feel very lonely after my divorce.

I am 28 years old and I love naturism. I hope my letter can be published in H.&E. I have a total confidence in you.

Robert Maestracci

6 Rue Deodora
Residence Heliotropes
31400 Toulouse

(H.&E. is printed in England, in three languages, French, English and German. A subscription will be impractical for you. We advise you to ask your newsagent to order a copy for you each month.)

You have been the victim of a double discrimination that we definitely condemn but which is still much too common. We hope that some readers, managers of vacation resorts or ordinary naturists will respond to your call and tell you about some centres welcoming single men. Please let us know about the positive answers you receive so we can let other readers benefit from it.—Ed.)

FREE BEACH

FOR three years now, I have been attracted to and highly interested in your magazine. Unfortunately, I have not been able to find it every month.

Your monthly mentions on its first page its continuous publication for 78 years, which compounds my surprise.

Please let me know the steps to take for not being deprived in the future of my pleasure in reading your magazine.

My wife and I are naturists. There is a beach at two kilometres from this city and the seaboard has been classified as a naturist zone for three years. If some readers are interested, you can give my address.

André Garcia

31 rue de la Rade
Les Bormettes
Cité La Lande 83250

(Thank you André, for this invitation which is going, no doubt, to bring you a large mail from some new friends. To be sure to be able to buy each month your own issue of H.&E., all you have to do is to ask your local newsagent to order one from our distributors [in France: Nouvelles Messageries de la Presse Parisienne, NMPP] and to keep it for you.—Ed.)



AS NATURE INTENDED

I HAVE been reading your magazine for several years and I want to give you my opinion. I am married and I have two daughters aged two and five. My wife and I have always had a very natural attitude toward our children and practised naturism in the family.

We think your magazine has been improving with each new issue for a year or so; the articles as well as the pictures. I only wish it would be put on sale in France at a precise date each month.

I want the pictures to be as clear as possible, showing youngsters, teenagers and adults of both sexes in a variety of positions exposing the male and female organs, without exaggeration. I think it is good to see the penis flaccid or more or less erect; also the vulva in a corresponding state. It improves young people's sexual education.

The pictures in your issue Vol. 78, No. 10, are much better and are more what I expect from H.&E.

A few other thoughts come to my mind:

Circumcision: I was operated on myself when I was nine years old, but I am definitely against it, because in the 20th century there should be alternative methods to allow the glans to move easily in and out during erections. As for

hygiene: either you are a clean person or you are not. I think it does not add anything aesthetically, on the contrary, since circumcized penises are ugly: glans too big; skin out of place. I notice it on most pictures of circumcized men. I think the glans covered with the foreskin gives to a man or a child, a normal, male, animal image. Let's leave our body as nature made it! As far as I am concerned, I am sorry my permission was not even asked.

Depilation: I am opposed to it for women, for the same reasons. Let's stay natural, like nature made us and I think that under the hair the female sexual organ is comfortable and happy to remain anonymous.

I hope that, as soon as possible, men can be naked as often as possible, every time they have the opportunity, at home, at the pool or at the beach. I find 'shocking' those pieces of cloth which compress the vulva or penis, suggesting everything, when it is more natural and more healthy without anything on. We should not be ashamed of our body any more. We should see sexual organs as a normal part of it, as an arm or a leg, because the penis is no uglier than the rest of the body.

58223 France

D.A.

(Yes, D.A. But we are still fighting the battle. It appears that in the old-fashioned nudist clubs they are



still more than a little frightened of sexual matters. Montalivet, near Bordeaux is becoming world famous as the resort most appalled and frightened by any show of even the mildest eroticism. While this monk-like approach to sex obtains inside the clubs, we can hardly expect fast progress outside.—Ed.)

RETOUCHING AND DEPILATION

I HAVE been reading assiduously your magazine for several years. A lot of problems are raised and discussed seriously. The articles are healthy, natural, clear and diversified.

The pictures also are in a natural taste and reflect better than a long speech what is the free and healthy life in the middle of nature.

Until now, nothing was hidden from us. Women were shown really like nature created them. But for some time, we have had pictures, very beautiful and pure indeed, but with some very clever retouching, well put together, which breaks away from nature. We feel a vacuum, a lack and even an offence to the creation.

Some women like to be depil-

ated and were presented in your pages in such a state. But now, it's over.

I would like to receive your magazine with some natural pictures and of course without retouching. This because I like pure lines and forms and also because a woman must be a woman and not something incomplete.

Orléans

J. P. Finance

(H.&E. [which was the pioneer in this field] stopped for years any retouching of pictures prior to publication and tries to refuse, among the pictures offered, any print which would have suffered such a treatment. This does not mean that we limit ourselves to the ... gynecological angles which are nowadays the preserve of some "men's magazines". It would be contrary to the "natural" approach you seem to appreciate in H.&E.—Ed.)

YOUNG LOLITAS

I AM a regular reader of your magazine. I found in it the inspiration for practising naturism not in a club, but with a group of three to four families, mostly in the country house owned by a friend of ours.





Like many of your readers (and I am sure the majority, although they don't write letters, approve of this point of view) we suggest that in order to satisfy our inner desires, you publish more photographs of the female sexual organs *without pubic hair* i.e. without any kind of covering. Because the sight of a hairless vulva with the slit well in view, pleases the eye and creates a feeling of happiness.

I understood there are some restrictions concerning the showing of a half opened vulva, especially that of an adult, where the inner labia can protrude and emphasize the clitoris which can be rather big, even unstimulated.

This cannot be labelled pornographic, because there is neither erection or insertion. You are just showing the private parts of a woman, just as you also show nice penises, unhooded and almost erect.

You can, however, if the 'depilated' vulva imposes certain restrictions upon you, show some pictures of young girls (between 10-13) who do not have pubic hair yet, but who do have a well developed vulva, with clitoris and labia. This view is very suggestive, but irreproachable because this is perfectly natural at this age.

We have in our group three young girls, nine and a half, eleven and twelve years old respectively. The older one has already budding breasts and her rounded genitals are clearly visible although there is a light fuzz, but the sight of her body (and the others') forces admiration especially when they play on the swings, bars or rings with their vulvas half open and clitoris appearing according to their positions.

Believe me, a lot of people feel the same way and are more pleased to see teenagers' genitals than those of an adult. The former has the advantage of revealing the slit and suggesting penetration, according to Freud's good old principle.

Brussels

X.

(Your conception of naturism is rather special. The attraction for young girls is a well known literary topic for some men [see Nabokov's Lolita], but if you leave the realm of fantasy for actual behaviour, you are stepping onto dangerous ground. We do not want to lecture you about abusing the innocence of a child and the confidence of your friends, but did you hear about the film director Roman Polanski's troubles with the law?—Ed.)



HELP, I AM TURNING WHITE!

HAVING noticed that you were answering some readers' problems in your magazine, I decided to write to you about mine. About seven years ago, having been exposed too long in the sun, my skin seemed to peel around the spine. After that a white spot appeared and got worse. Now I have big white spots on my spine, in my groin, around my lips and eyes, on my neck, breasts and stomach. Each year a new spot about the same size appears and grows larger.

I went to several doctors but they could not help. In desperation, I followed some treatments based on melanine (pills and local applications) but I got burnt and had to stop.

I also tried herbal cures which cost me a great deal of money and had no results. I don't see any way out and I just hope that dermatology will eventually find a cure for this illness called 'vitiligo'.

I would be interested to hear your ideas and if possible I would be grateful if you would explain the reason for this lack of pigmentation. The doctors told me the cells were only sleeping. Is this true? Is it permissible to go into the sun or is it forbidden?

Michele Merviel

34 La Grande Motte

(To give you an answer here

without a close examination would be charlatanism. You can get guidance only from a dermatologist, after complete tests. Anyway, this loss of local pigmentation is extremely difficult to cure. A lot of people are born with white spots in more or less isolated places. It is more obvious on so-called 'coloured' people or on those people who practice systematic sun-tanning. In the evolutive forms, like yours, it may be that a mycosis (microscopic mushrooms) has developed on a cut (burn or insect bite) and is spreading, destroying or inhibiting the pigment cells.

Keep seeing dermatologists: they will tell you how to stop this infection from spreading and if it is prudent for you to practice extended sunbathing. Now for the aesthetic considerations—specially on the face—some harmless products have been developed in the States—for the benefit of American Blacks—which effectively cover these spots.

And a word of caution for all our naturist friends. To avoid such incidents, do your 'tanning' gradually [see H.&E. No. 10] never use a cologne [which contains bergamot] on your skin before sunbathing and be suspicious of 'miracle' tanning products based on bergamot. They do wonders for some people but change others into . . . leopards. It's always better to have your skin tested before using it.—Ed.)

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